Liberty

10¢

AUG. 15, 1942

In this issue

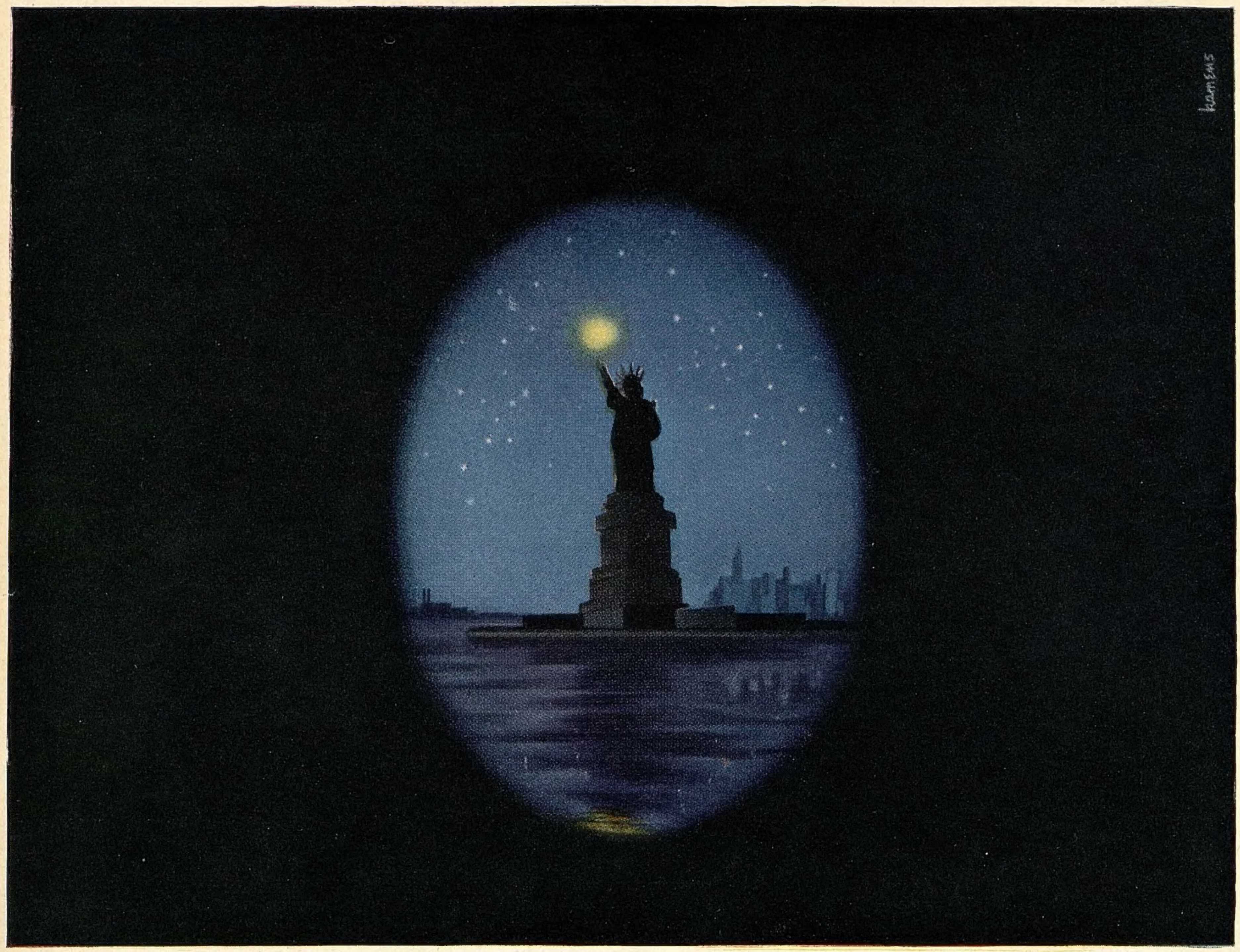
WALTER WINCHELL • FAITH BALDWIN

RAYMOND CLAPPER • BILL STERN

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

AN BOMBINGS MAKE GERMANY QUIT? By MAJOR DE SEVERSKY

THE WAR BABIES AGAIN!



TOTAL BLACKOUT? NEVER!

WE'LL PUT OUT OUR LIGHTS when (and if) the bombers come—and they'll see *how well* we can take it! *And give it back!*

But no matter how many house lights—street lights—factory lights—or harbor lights we do put out, it'll never be a *total* blackout!

Because *the* light of Liberty will burn—in the minds of a machine-gunner in the far-away Pacific... in the eyes of an air raid warden making the last round on his patrol... in the hands of a welder slapping the last plate on a Liberty hull... in the heart of a mother who's keeping her family strong and healthy, and ready for all emergencies.

Yes, *that* Light has a meaning to all of us Americans. *It means America!*

America and the right to speak out . . . America and the right to work where we want . . . America and the right to worship God as we please . . . America and the right to say who shall lead us . . . America and the right of the little fellow.

That Light, Hitler nor Hirohito, nor any aggressor, will ever put out!

Let's keep that Light of Liberty burning . . . Let's keep reminding ourselves and our neighbors that we all want it lit—now and forevermore . . . Let's tell off the rumor-monger. Put the appeaser in his place. Slap down the slacker with truth and common sense . . . Let's pay those heavy taxes without squawking. Let's walk to work and like it. Let's buy war bonds and stamps, remembering that every stamp means a black eye to Hitler, every bond a nail in Hirohito's coffin . . . Let's give up sugar. Park the car in the garage, if necessary.

Let's do *without* so that this country can do *with!*

Free to Businessmen: Counter or window display cut-outs of Statue of Liberty in full color—18" tall—carries the legend "We Are Making *Winning the War* OUR JOB." . . . You get the cut-out displays FREE OF CHARGE. Send 10¢ to cover shipping costs of each display. Order Liberty Emblems for your employees to wear—sold at cost price in quantity lots. Write today for full details on your business stationery.

Wherever you see the Liberty Emblem—in a coat lapel, on a counter or in a store window, you will know that an American is saying:

"I Am Making Winning the War MY Job"

Actual Size

WEAR THIS EMBLEM AS A SYMBOL OF YOUR BELIEF

Sponsored by, with no profit to, Liberty Magazine. 24 kt. gold plate. Baked enamel colors. Send for your Emblem of Liberty today. Dept. Y, Liberty Magazine, 205 East 42nd St., New York City.

Send me____________Emblems of Liberty @ 25¢ each—postage included.

NAME__________________________

ADDRESS________________________

CITY________________STATE________

ORDER YOUR EMBLEM OF LIBERTY TODAY

Your tires can last LONGER THAN YOU THINK

with this regular expert care

THE way things look now, millions will have to lay up their cars as soon as their present tires wear out — *but in most cases that day can be put off far longer than you imagine.*

The fact is, even when the non-skid design wears smooth, your tires still have about 40% of their total mileage left—mileage you can get with proper care.

MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL—DRIVE SLOWER

Your remaining rubber will give you at least 50% *longer* wear if you cut your average speed from 50 miles an hour to 35—and a still bigger increase at 30.

This is especially important in hot weather when speed generates high temperatures that shorten tire life. And there are five other points to watch, too — *and all are equally necessary.*

• • •

FIVE "MUSTS" FOR LONGER TIRE WEAR

Rule One: *check air pressure every week. Just a few pounds too much or too little can cut mileage 15% to 20%.*

Rule Two: *have tires inspected now, and every 2,500 miles, inside and out, for small cuts and bruises that can cause serious damage if neglected.*

Rule Three: *have tires rotated every 2,500 miles to insure even wear — rear tires wear faster. The first time, have tires branded with your license number to discourage theft.*

Rule Four: *have wheel alignment and brake adjustment checked every 2,500 miles. Wheels and brakes out-of-true scuff off tread rubber — can cut mileage as much as 33%.*

Rule Five: *have wheel balance checked every 2,500 miles. Out-of-balance wheels cause spotty wear — and no tire wears longer than its thinnest spot.*

• • •

YOUR GOODYEAR DEALER CAN DO IT BETTER

Arrange now with your Goodyear dealer for these essential tire-saving services. He is an expert who knows tires — and he has the proper equipment to do the job right.

Under the Goodyear Tire-Life Extension Plan you can get this work done expertly, at regular intervals—for little cost. The time to start is now — every day you put it off may cost you hundreds of miles you'll need badly next year.

YOU may be eligible for new or recapped tires

FOR LATEST RULINGS *on who can buy, consult your Goodyear dealer.*

IF ELIGIBLE, *get Goodyears — world's first choice for mileage and safety.*

ON TUBE CERTIFICATES, *get LifeGuards, Goodyear's modern air-container that carries punctured tires to a safe stop without injury.*

IN RECAPPING—*Goodyear experts, Goodyear materials and Goodyear methods insure longest renewal wear.*

IMPORTANT NOTICE: *latest regulations prohibit sale of new or recapped tires if present casings are damaged by abuse. Don't wait until fabric shows — it will be too late then for a good recap.*

LifeGuard—T.M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

GOOD YEAR
GOOD YEAR
THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

MORE PEOPLE ARE STILL RIDING ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND—BECAUSE GOODYEARS WEAR LONGER!

PRINCESS
MARY WHITE

SHE'S just seven years old, she lives at 514 Plum Street, her father is plain Bill White. Most people notice her pigtails and her blue eyes, but they never guess they're in the presence of royalty.

But we know!

Maybe that's because we know more about her kingdom—the kingdom she'll be queen of one day—than these people. It's no ordinary kingdom, this—it combines the best features of all the fairy stories you ever read rolled into one. Instead of an ordinary marble palace, she'll have a real home made of inexpensive materials that you haven't even heard of yet, flooded with sunlight, and opening on the whole outdoors.

Instead of a pumpkin coach, she'll drive a car such as you have never dreamed of, and fly a plane as readily as you would drive a car. Plastic shoes will be her glass slippers. And her servants will all be electric, for electricity in modern electric appliances for cooking, heating, cooling, and cleaning, is just about the best servant man has ever had.

Where is this fairyland? It's right here in America, tomorrow!

But how can we be sure that this is not just another fairy tale? Because American industry has already made enough discoveries and developments to reveal to us the shape of things to come. New materials like plastics, new developments like television, new sciences like electronics, assure us of this—and promise even more.

Today's job is fighting for that better world. But when tomorrow comes, American industry, once again busy producing things to make living better, will help to make tomorrow's young men and women more truly princes and princesses than the heroes of yesterday's fairy tales. *General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.*

☆ ☆ ☆

The volume of General Electric war production is so high and the degree of secrecy required is so great that we cannot tell you about it now. When it can be told we believe that the story of industry's developments during the war years will make one of the most fascinating chapters in the history of industrial progress.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

952-336M-211

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Published by Macfadden Publications, Inc.

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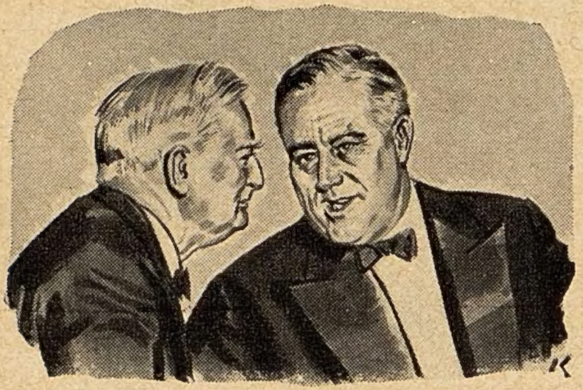
NEXT WEEK

AUGUST 22, 1942

ROOSEVELT AS I SEE HIM

In the coming issue of Liberty begins a unique and important new series—a composite biography and word-picture of the President by ten different authors, each of whom knows him and estimates him



from a different point of view. Some will be intimate friends, with *personal* things to tell. Some will be eminent historians and observers, who will write of his life and his place in the history of the past and the war-torn world of the present. No time is more urgent for such a journalistic enterprise than this summer of 1942—when, in the opinion of at least one of these authors, F. D. R. is "the most important man in our world."

BEFORE WE CAN WIN

MAJOR GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT faces facts in an uncompromising and realistic summary of what must be done for victory —and the victory theme carries on through a striking group of special features: messages from United Nations leaders; a stirring account, by JACK SHER, of heroisms the war has brought to light among everyday men and women; Where Are the Victory Songs?, by SIGMUND SPAETH, with the words and music of a new, prize-winning song, and an eye-opening war-production chart, with up-to-the-minute data straight from DONALD NELSON.

MORE AMERICANS WE CAN DO WITHOUT

reaches a resounding conclusion as WALTER WINCHELL rounds out his remarkable series. . . . And the fiction array is especially fine, as the author-names guarantee: FREDERICK NEBEL, KAY KENNEDY, ARTHUR HURLEY, CHARLES BONNER, ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS, JUDSON P. PHILIPS. . . . It's an issue in tune with the times!

Liberty, August 15, 1942. Vol. 19, No. 33. Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Ten cents a copy; $3.50 a year in the United States and possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries. In all other countries, $5.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription or change of address please allow thirty (30) days for Liberty to reach you.

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Schlitz
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS
BREWING INDUSTRY FOUNDATION
Schlitz

Copr. 1942, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

JUST THE *Kiss* OF THE HOPS *none of the bitterness*

In the familiar 12-ounce bottle. Now also available in the NEW Schlitz GUEST BOTTLE containing one FULL QUART.

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

WE, THE PEOPLE
Liberty
AUG. 15, 1942

AND NO

BILL NYE, who fifty years ago was one America's three great humorists and should not be forgotten even now, once the story of the farmer in one of the sweetest saddest of immortal tales.

Nye was riding on a train and studying bruised and blackened and splayed-out thumb the man in the seat at his side—trying, of cou to guess the occupation of a man who could h such a thumb. A plumber? No. A carpenter? A bricklayer?

Nye concluded that that thumb could belong to one man—a man who was trying hammer a nail into a rubber hinge on a rick gate with the back end of an ax at four o'cl in the morning. And that could only be—a farm

With that conclusion reached, the conversat was opened and the farmer launched into his st

He had worked on the farm for forty ye He had raised over a thousand calves to drink of a bucket without blowing their entrails up sleeve. (For you poor uninitiate, when you w a calf, you put three fingers in its mouth shove its head down into a bucket of milk. In or to get breath he sucks in. And when he is out breath, he suddenly throws back his head blows his "entrails" up your sleeve. It is an to keep him from doing so.)

Mother had spanked babies and bread for fo years, and then she had just—died. No, she wa sick. Apparently she just got tired—and died. girl had gone away and gotten married. The b had gone to college. He saw them in the summ time. He was wearing his son's tennis flannels his winter underwear.

And his tired summary to Bill Nye was: *"D a farmer, anyhow."*

★ ★ ★

THAT was long ago and far away.

The life of the farmer of today is so diffe from that of his grandfather who settled the W

"Forever in thine eyes, O Liberty, shines that high light whereby the world is saved." JOHN HAY

VE COME TO THE FARMER

and broke the plains that the tie of the earth itself is the only binding link.

With his modern equipment for mass production, one farmer can now produce food for sixty people where his struggling grandfather could hardly produce enough to keep his own family alive. The amazing developments of the farm machinery group in the reduction of farm effort toward the production of more food has been so startling that the solution of the one problem has only posed another. From too few to till the soil, there are now too many. And from too little from the soil, there is now too much.

Just as the factories of America can produce more shoes than anybody can wear, more automobiles than anybody can drive, more gum than anybody can chew, so the farmers of America can produce, and are producing, more food than anybody can eat.

But the farmer also has many problems to lick before he can accomplish a distribution of plenty for his production of plenty. Those problems are too intricate and too complicated to be dealt with here. But one of his distinctive problems can be stated rather simply. The farmer's production factory is always at the mercy of the elements. The wind and rain and sun and snow all play their parts.

They can give him too much or too little at any time, and change the balance of his economy almost overnight. And from this one problem alone he has no appeal except to Congress—or to God. And God is not up for re-election.

★ ★ ★

IT is high time that the business men of America and the wage earners of America come to a better understanding with the farmers of America. For our farm production is the base of our great economic triangle which must have equal value on its three sides. If you don't get a better understanding of this problem, it is fairly certain that while God may not be up for re-election, your congressman is.

On the other hand, if you do get a better conception and a deeper understanding of the farming world, your congressman might even have the courage to get above the sordid level of politics and strive for the always enviable level of statesmanship. He might even find a way of giving the farmer what he ought to have without unbalancing the other sides of the triangle.

★ ★ ★

THE farmer has one advantage for a starting point that nobody ever thinks about. His factory is virtually a *"life factory."* In every animal and fowl on his farm *life is repeating itself again and again.* Chickens lay and pigs farrow and cows calve. And, knowing nothing of our economic system, they do not go in for small families when times are hard. They repopulate his part of the earth to the limit of his soil.

So if the farmer has even a reasonable degree of fair going, he can always eat. He can kill a chicken or slaughter a pig or milk a cow, because in his "factory" these things are always in production, unless the mortgage, instead of the farmer, has already eaten them up.

But if we crowd him out of this picture, if we close his factory down, we have destroyed the basic source of our economy of plenty, from which our hope of a distribution of plenty may come true.

When the business world, the labor world, and the farming world really begin getting together and thinking together; when the wage-earning world ceases to be a "labor bloc," and the farming world ceases to be a "farm bloc," and the business world ceases to be "no particular bloc at all because they haven't enough votes to count"—then we may find that America has led the way into a new world in which not merely the dreams of utopianism but the practice of realism can play an equal part.

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WE ARE THE UNSEEN

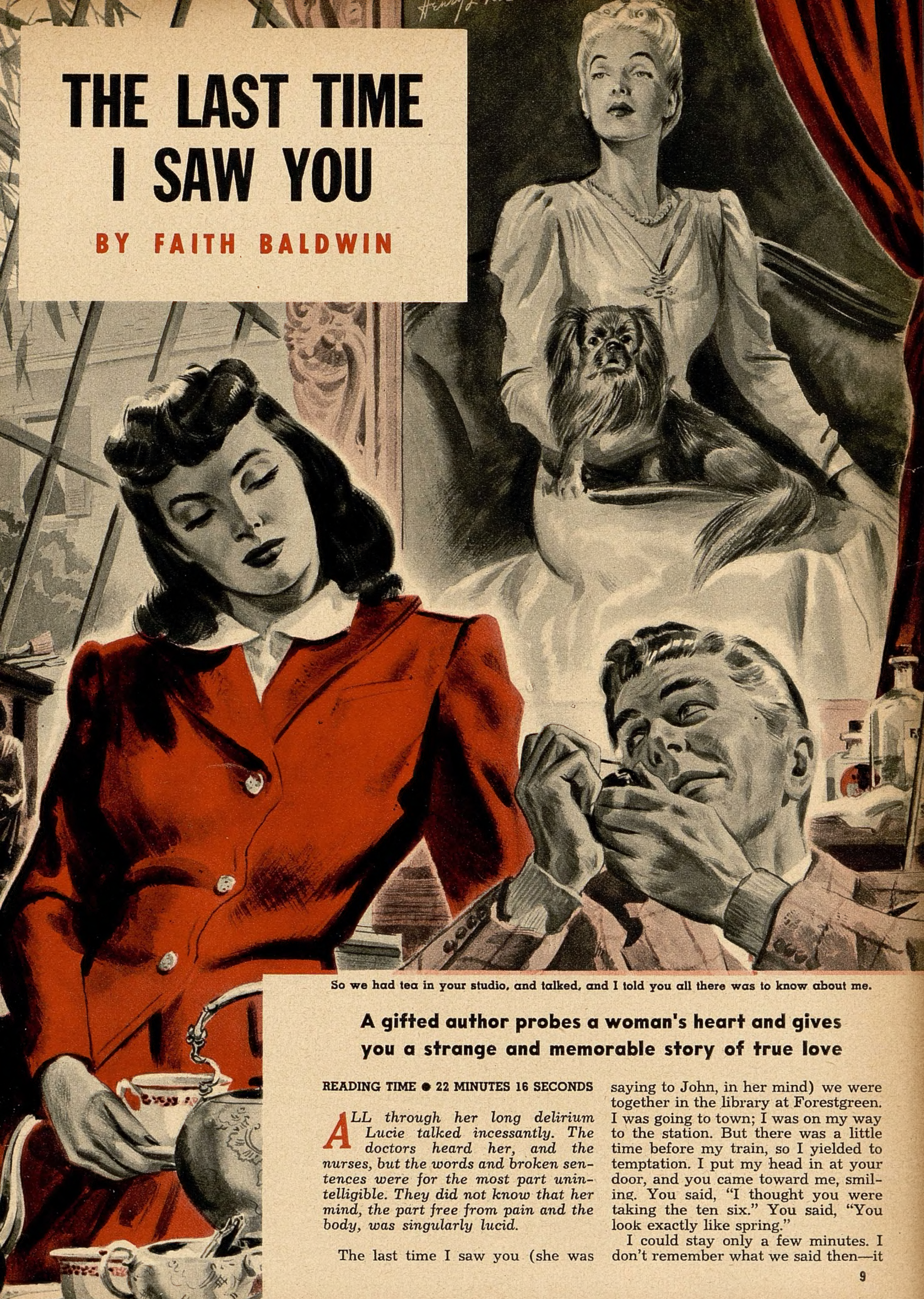
We are the unseen, ever watchful, never sleeping,
Binding the atoms together.
Not ours the glory nor applause,
We wear no uniform and yet are part of our land's destiny,
Guarding her secrets well.
We are the unseen, loyal, true to an ideal,
One God, one country, one flag:
We want no praise, knowing, out there,
Men have shed their blood that we might live . . .
With others soon to follow them.
Our reward shall be, one day, with the touch of magic
at our finger-tips
To send across the quivering wires
One far-flung cry — "Ours is the Victory!"

ELEANORA DAYTON SURRY
Long Distance Operator, Washington, D. C.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM . . . LONG DISTANCE HELPS UNITE THE NATION

THE LAST TIME I SAW YOU

BY FAITH BALDWIN



So we had tea in your studio, and talked, and I told you all there was to know about me.

A gifted author probes a woman's heart and gives you a strange and memorable story of true love

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 16 SECONDS

ALL through her long delirium Lucie talked incessantly. The doctors heard her, and the nurses, but the words and broken sentences were for the most part unintelligible. They did not know that her mind, the part free from pain and the body, was singularly lucid.

The last time I saw you (she was saying to John, in her mind) we were together in the library at Forestgreen. I was going to town; I was on my way to the station. But there was a little time before my train, so I yielded to temptation. I put my head in at your door, and you came toward me, smiling. You said, "I thought you were taking the ten six." You said, "You look exactly like spring."

I could stay only a few minutes. I don't remember what we said then—it doesn't matter, really. Later, you were sitting at your big desk and I was putting on my hat. I could see you in the mirror. And when I turned, you asked, "Do you believe that I love you?" and I remember that your eyes were very grave. I remember I put my hands on the desk and leaned there and answered, "Yes, I believe it." And then I laughed, because it was so absurd of you to ask me.

You went with me to the front door. You kissed me and said, "Have a good time in town . . ."

As I went down the steps I heard the telephone, a long, insistent ringing as if it were long distance.

I looked back, and you were standing there. And you lifted your hand and waved it in that casual little gesture which I knew so well.

That was the last time I saw you; I have not seen you since.

What happened to us, John?

All these months I have kept telling myself I must not remember the things you said to me; the pledges we made, and the plans. I must remember only the letter which reached me the next morning.

I came home late. I had had fun in town. I had bought a dress I thought you would like, I had seen the people I went to see, I had sold some of the drawings I had done on speculation, and I had an order to illustrate three more stories. Altogether, a successful day.

Coming home in the train I saw an item in the evening paper—about your wife Susie. It was in a gossip column. It said she was setting all Reno by the ears with her jewels, her beauty, her three Pekingese, and her horses.

I took a taxi from the station and went home. I passed the gates of Forestgreen and wished it were not so late or that we need not be so discreet for a few more weeks. I blew you a kiss in the darkness, darling, and wondered if you would know. But of course you would—we always knew, didn't we? At least, I thought so then, for the last time.

I went back to the little rented house on the Dogwood Road, and Mrs. Pierce was sitting up for me, and there were sandwiches and a pitcher of milk, and I was terribly hungry.

I WAS still asleep in the morning when Mrs. Pierce brought your letter up to me on my breakfast tray. I set the tray aside and opened the letter, and for a moment I thought I had gone mad—or that you had.

Do you remember what you wrote? You wrote that you were driving to town and taking the first plane to Reno. You wrote that you and Susie were going to California. You wrote that we must never see each other again. You said, "Forgive me, if you can."

I don't remember much that happened the rest of the day. I think I worked. I know that Mrs. Perkins stopped in at teatime and said that she'd heard you had left town suddenly and that the house was to be closed. The grocer had told her. I think she suggested that perhaps I'd known it. "You were such friends," she said.

She broke off then and looked at me. She wanted to ask me a hundred things, yet didn't quite dare. I was new in the town—I had been there only two years; and you were one of the town's two home-grown celebrities. Everything you did, every one you knew, was important because of you. When, as occasionally, the town found itself in metropolitan newspapers, it always said "the birthplace and home of John Mathews, the portrait painter, and of Maya Meade, the writer."

It is such a little town, John. Close-knit, gossiping. When I first came there, I heard all about you within twenty-four hours. The windows in the church which you had given, the library wing. The parties Susie used to give, with the dozens of cars from town and the goings-on in the swimming pool at two in the morning—the great and near great who made pilgrimages to the home of the finest portrait painter of our time.

DO you remember when we first met? It was in the library. I had gone there to try to find a book on costumes. I was illustrating Maya Meade's autobiography — and because Maya lived in Westwind I had come up for the summer. That was our arrangement. Brilliant, arrogant, unpredictable Maya. She had seen my illustrations for a series of period short stories in one of the magazines and had demanded of her editor that I be given her job to do. Editors were usually in awe of Maya—and the serialization of the autobiography would be an authentic event. So she had her way, and I my chance to do something big and exciting and which would bring me more money than any single job I had ever attempted. But Maya insisted that I come to Westwind and do the work there.

I had no ties, John. I had been living alone in New York for years. There was no reason why I couldn't go to Westwind. I adored it at first sight. Hills and a little stream, white houses, farms. Maya found the Dogwood Road cottage for me and Mrs. Pierce.

The librarian, obviously fluttered, introduced us. It was as simple as that. And you repeated my name. "Lucie Rogers," you said. And you smiled at me. You didn't, I thought, look forty-six. "I have seen some of your work," you told me. "I like it." And then you spoke of Maya.

You came to see her shortly after that. I was there. I had been working in the barn which she had made into a studio. She sent a maid to tell me tea was ready. So I came out of the barn, crossed the lawn to the house, and there you were, John. . . .

Maya was in one of her garrulous moods. She talked incessantly, and we listened, and now and then we looked at each other. It was so—so comfortable, having you there. That was the first thing I realized. And later, when you walked home with me, it was exciting. That came next.

You asked me if I would like to see your studio. You asked, "Would you have tea with me one day there?" You added that your wife was away visiting, and then you smiled and added, "Perhaps Maya would come too."

I did not know then that Susie had left you.

Maya did not come. It was one of her bad days. I did not realize—no one did—how much pain she had always, how violently she denied it, how she drove herself.

SO we had tea in your studio, and talked, and I told you all there was to know about me. It wasn't much. I was born in Ohio, I had a wonderful mother and father. But my mother had died when I was eleven, and I had come East to school. School and distant relatives and vacations and dreams. . . . And when I was eighteen my father had died.

You showed me Susie's portrait, the one you had painted a year after your marriage. She was the loveliest thing I had ever seen, and I said so. You showed me the other portrait, the one painted a few years ago. She must have been forty then. She was still beautiful, perhaps more beautiful. But something had gone; something was not there.

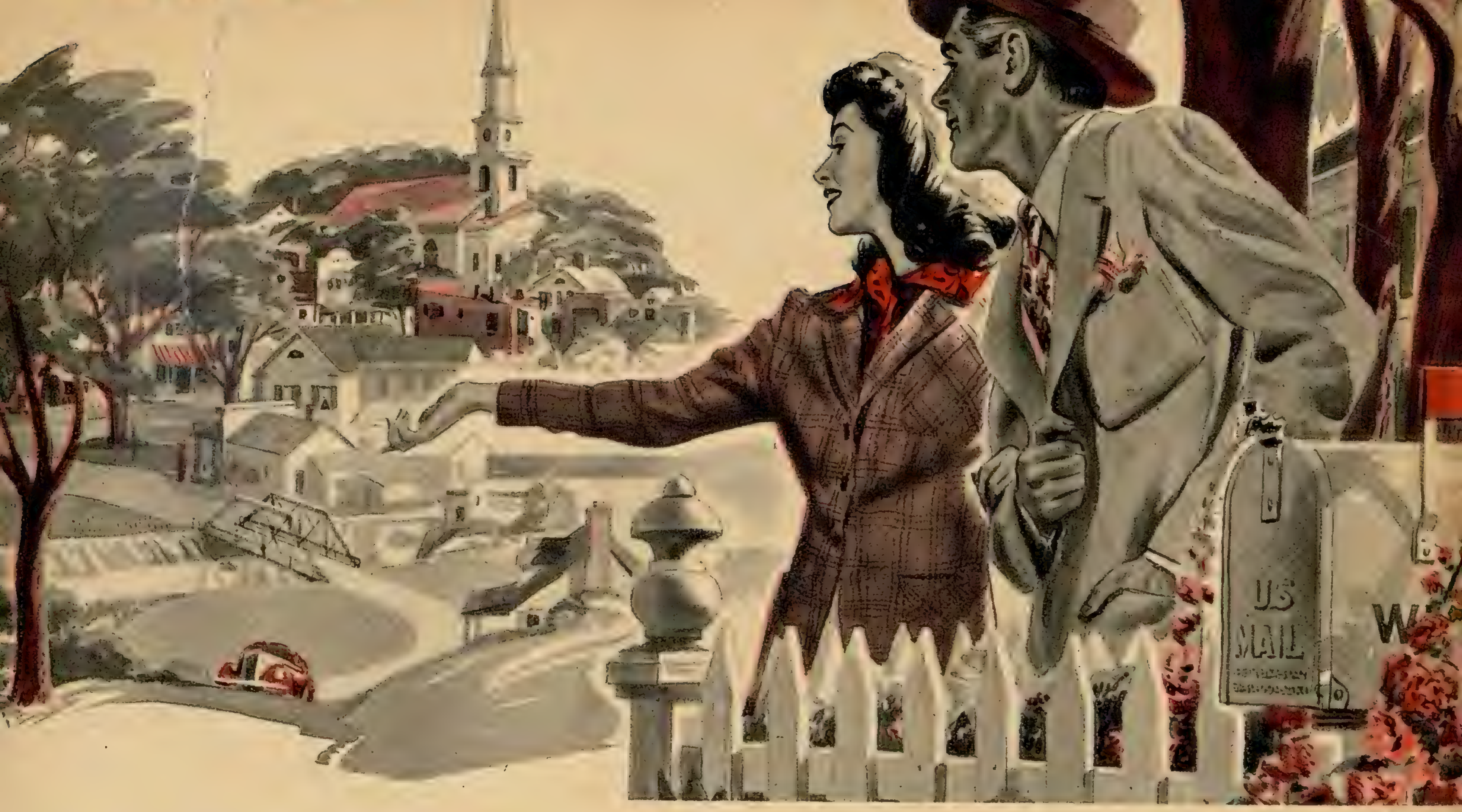
She wore a silver dress; her hair was butter yellow and curled around her face. She had a little Pekingese in the curve of her arm, and there were pearls about her neck, and her mouth was a scarlet challenge.

I felt young and gauche suddenly. Yet I was nearly thirty and, as success goes, successful. I was wearing good tweeds and my hair had been set in town just the day before. But there I was, as in a mirror in my mind, brown and thin, with nothing to recommend me but good hands and teeth and blue eyes. . . .

I said something about the portrait, all the portraits, and something about you, John. I had seen a portrait of the little Carlin boy in an exhibition. It was such a marvelous thing. I said, clumsily enough, that you must love children very much to have painted that. And then I remembered what Maya had told me the day after you had tea with us at her house. "John Mathews," she said, "is a great man—or would be. But he has a capacity for loving too much, and always the wrong person. First his mother. You wouldn't remember that old scandal, but she ran away with an opera singer. It was the talk of the era. John's father wouldn't divorce her, and she died a few years later. And then, of course, his wife."

I remember I said something, and she looked at me and laughed. "You don't like gossip, do you?" she asked, and I said, "Well, no, I don't." But Maya couldn't be stemmed in full spate. "It isn't gossip," she said; "it's fact. He fell in love with her when he was just beginning to be known. She was seven or eight years younger, had been married and divorced. She

I adored Westwind at first sight. Hills and a little stream, white houses, farms.



was on the stage, you know, originally—one of the great beauties of her generation. She never liked the stage; she was a very bad actress. But no one minded—they just liked looking at her. Every one said that she should have gone to Hollywood. Well, she did, although not many knew that. But she photographed badly. She hasn't any features—never did have. It was her wonderful coloring, and a certain crazy charm which you couldn't resist. Better than beauty, but the camera, in those days, couldn't reveal it. So she married John and they lived unhappily ever after."

I COULDN'T resist asking, "Why?" Maya shrugged. "I—I told you," she said, "that would be gossip. You'll hear it eventually, I've no doubt, from some one else. Of course they have no children. She wouldn't—or couldn't; I don't know. To some men it would make no appreciable difference; to John Mathews, all the difference in the world."

Then, tea at your studio that day. And then the time we met in the drugstore and sat at the shiny little table and drank sodas; and the time you passed me in your car when I was walking on the wood road, and you stopped and I got in, and we drove away, miles away, and had tea and scones and jam at a farmhouse.

That was late summer, wasn't it? My job with Maya was done, and I was waiting to hear from it. I was nervous, as I always am. Maya liked the illustrations. She said I had caught the spirit of her people, of herself when young. But I was nervous just the same, and told you so, and you touched my shoulder and said, "It will be all right, but I understand how you feel." And that was when you began talking to me about yourself and your early life and your beginnings, and of the people you had known. . . .

I stayed on in Westwind because, I told myself, I loved it. I could work there as well or better than any other place. I did not tell myself it was because of you—that from the first moment in the library, with the little specks of dust dancing in the sunlight, I had loved you!

It was friendship, I said. I saw you sometimes at Maya's, and sometimes I came to the studio, and sometimes we went driving in your car or you came to the cottage and we sat in the garden. And the slow summer had slid past, hot and dreaming, as if drugged.

And all the time Susie did not come to Westwind, and in late September you said to me abruptly, "I think you should know my wife has left me."

I could say nothing except stammer that I was sorry. But I wasn't. I was so exultantly glad that it rose in my throat and choked me.

We were in the garden. It was dusk and Mrs. Pierce had brought you a highball and for me a great frosted pitcher of iced tea. And then you began to talk.

Some of the time I did not hear what you said because I was listening to your voice.

You had loved her, you said; you had loved no other woman. But she had never loved you; she had loved no one, and nothing, save herself. And after a while your much loving was not enough. You had thought it would be, believed you would be content to love her and to take what she could give you in return. But there comes a time when such return is not enough, you said.

I don't remember your words. You were sparing of them; you were careful. But I lay awake that night, and I knew all you had not said. It wasn't her vital and beautiful body; she did not deny you that, but that too was not enough. It was peace you wanted from her, and the long devotion of the spirit, and the silences of understanding, a sweetness and a belonging, an enduring divinity of love, which would be there when you and she were old. And these you did not have.

Once you said, "We have not even been friends, not ever"; and once you said, "If there had been a child or children—"

AND when you went away you took my hands and held them and said, "I'm sorry—but you were here, and it was so easy somehow—" and you broke off and said "I'm sorry" once more, and I heard the little gate click behind you as you went away.

I knew what you meant then, as I was always to know—until the last time I saw you. You meant, you had not wished to burden me; you meant, these were things you should speak of to no human being, and of which you had not spoken until now. You meant, I was not a person to you in that dreaming dusk; I was part of the garden, the bending trees and the flowers. You meant that you had been talking to—yourself.

I remember that I did not speak while you talked. I asked you nothing except toward the end. I asked you then, "Is she going to divorce you?"

(*Continued on page 40*)

THE WAR BABIES AGAIN!

Why does the birth rate swing upward when a nation fights? . . . Here, from those who know them best, are some of the reasons

BY ELIZABETH HUNTER

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

THE baby's first wail settles into the low chuckle-chuckle kind of crying, the doctor lifts his gauze mask from his tired face, the girl on the delivery table slips into a dreamless sleep, and one of the nurses hurries out to break the news to whoever waits outside. The routine of the hospital moves along serene and sure, unimpeded by a new life.

But whoever it *is* in the waiting room, it isn't papa. Papa gets to know about it via Western Union Telegraph, form Number 85 or Number 86, which read, SON IS BORN, DAUGHTER IS BORN, respectively. One of these wings its concise little way to any place from Donegal, Ireland, to Brisbane, Australia, from Mombasa, East Africa, to Fort Totten, Long Island, New York, to bring a moment of lightheaded grandeur to some young man in khaki or navy blue.

For the war babies are on their way. The birth rate, which had declined alarmingly (21 per cent in fifteen years), started its upswing in 1941, hitting its highest peak in two decades with a pretty total of 2,500,000 babies. The threat of war started that upswing, the fact of war is sending it zooming. The United States Bureau of Census reports 9.3 more births for the first three months of '42 than for the corresponding period of '41. So it looks as if 1942 will outstrip 1941.

Today, a little more than a year since scientists and population experts and public-minded people were deploring the decreasing birth rate, prenatal clinics are teeming with records of babies-to-be. In one hospital in the suburban community of a port city where many young navy wives live, there is not a single maternity reservation open before January, 1943. Pedia-

WESTERN UNION
30 FT= NEWYORK NY.
JOHN JONES=
FOR [redacted]
ITS A BOY LOVE=.
MARY.

tricians, obstetricians, social workers all have similar stories to tell. The Home Services of the Red Cross and the Navy Mothers are turning out layettes faster than they can keep track of them.

But why didn't young couples want babies before? It's safe to say that the bitter experiences of the depression had a great deal to do with it. Young people, having come through that, counted themselves lucky not to have the added responsibilities of a child. Everybody knows you should have security, a sturdy home life, a fairly substantial income before you have a baby. And everybody knows that young America had no guaranty that another depression might not come along to wipe out any small start toward that security.

O-o-oh, no! No babies until there's some money in the bank, until the wife can stop working, until business is more secure.

Now, however, without security, without a sturdy home life, a fairly substantial income, without the father even being home long enough to see the child born, women are having babies like mad. In a war-torn world where the word security will apply more readily to nations than to individuals, women are going ahead not just having the babies but planning to take care of them, to bring them up, even if the fathers never do come back. In short, in a world much worse than the postdepression one, women want babies. Why? Let's ask them.

Janice is the mother of a war baby. Janice is a tall, redheaded stenographer of twenty-four, making exactly twenty-seven dollars a week. She shares an apartment with her sister, who is married to a marine and has no more money than Janice.

In May of last year Janice met a British sailor at a War Relief dance, and married him a month later. It must have been love, because Janice admits that only a short time before she had broken a four-years engagement to a young man because she felt she didn't love him enough.

In making what sketchy plans they could for the marriage, Janice had said, "I want a baby." The young Britisher felt that was being a little unrealistic. Janice was quiet but firm.

Her savings plus a small monthly allowance from the British government paid for the baby. Stork showers given by girls in the office and presents from friends outfitted it, even to baby carriage and high chair.

ON the day that we visited Janice, her son was exactly five weeks old. His mother was rushing merrily about the apartment trying to finish his formula and washing, so that she could make an inspection visit to a near-by day nursery. She planned to be back at work within the week, and before then she must decide between the day nursery, a young girl to come in and take care of the baby, or a kind of boarding-out arrangement, for daytime only, with a young neighbor who had a small child of her own.

Whatever her decision, you feel sure that Janice will make the wisest possible one for the baby. Overnight she has changed from a casual and carefree career girl into a responsible mother—one who recognizes the fact that not only must she make all decisions now but that she faces the possibility of having to make all of them always, and alone.

"Why did I want a baby?" Janice thought a minute. Her answer was characteristically direct and simple. "I loved John and I wanted something of his. You see, loving some one is different from being *in* love. You forget yourself. The war is making young people see things much more clearly. Only a few things now stand out as really worth while. I thought having John's child was one of them."

And then she added something we were to hear often: "If I had kept from it because of the fear of losing my husband or because of the horror of war—well, if John's mother had felt that way there'd have been no John. His father was killed in the other World War."

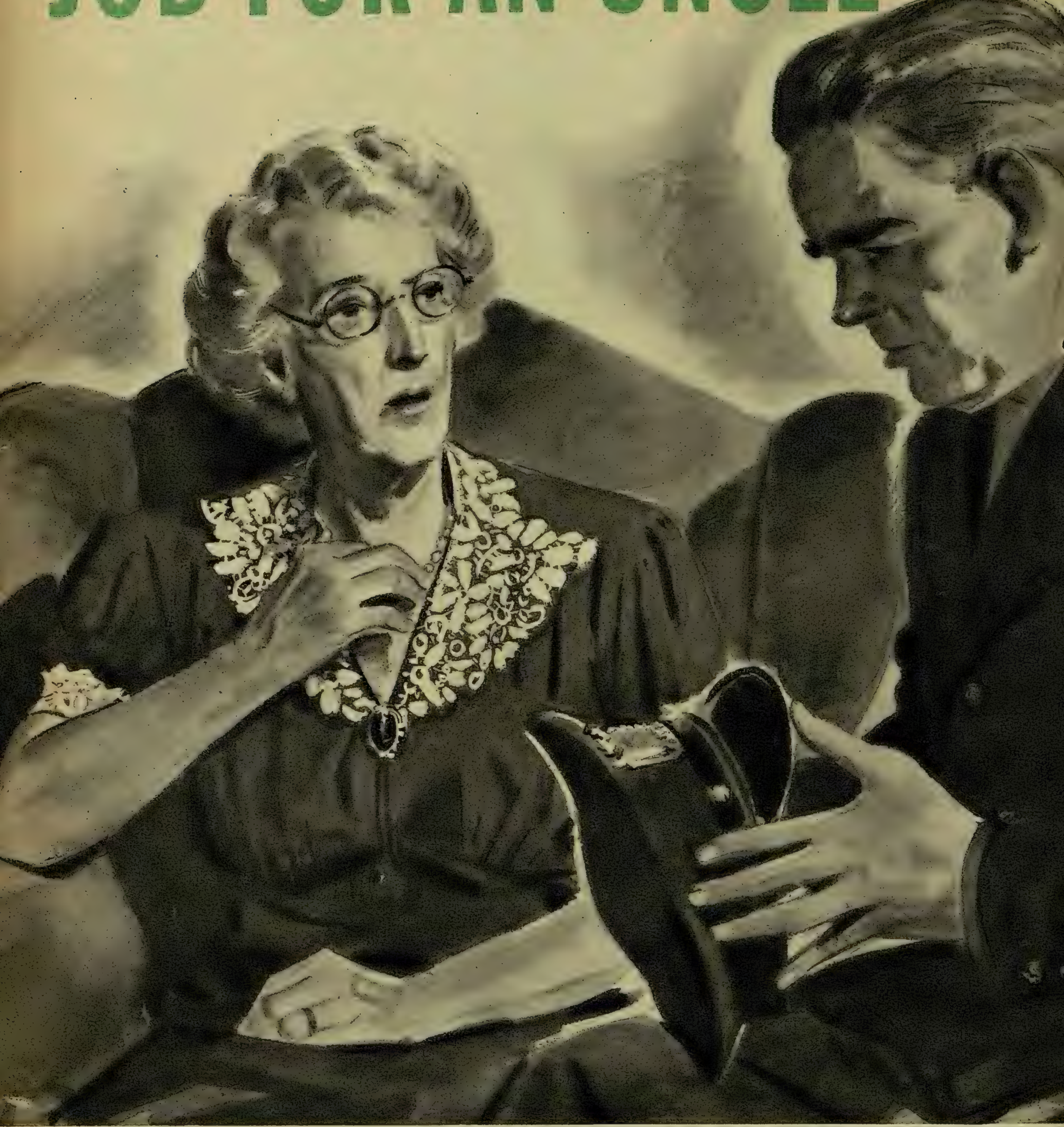
This isn't the first crop of war babies, remember.

Then there is Phyllis, who quite literally braved hell and high water to have her baby and get it safely home from Hawaii.

Phyllis married a West Point graduate late in 1940, and went to Fort Shafter (two miles from Pearl Harbor) as a bride. To look at Phyllis, good-looking, fun-loving, modern, you'd scarcely imagine her as the type to walk smack into the dangers of motherhood in a war-infected world.

(*Continued on page 42*)

JOB FOR AN UNCLE



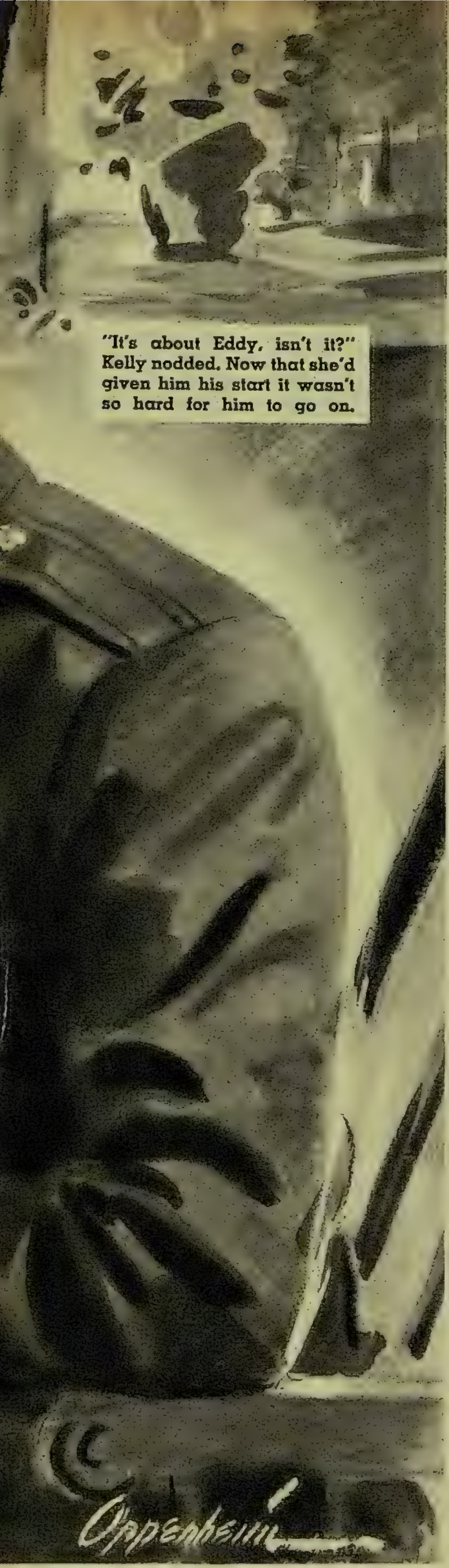
It's women who worry and find a way when a boy is headed for trouble. Here's a swift little story of one who did . . and was handed back a surprise

BY HUGH MacNAIR KAHLER

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

PATROLMAN KELLY sat on the edge of his chair, fumbling with his hat and sweating a little. In the end Miss Narden had to start him talking. She was a small thin woman somewhere in her fifties. There was a sag in her shoulders and her voice had a kind of sag in it, too.

"It's about Eddy, isn't it?"



"It's about Eddy, isn't it?" Kelly nodded. Now that she'd given him his start it wasn't so hard for him to go on.

Kelly nodded. Now that she'd given him his start it wasn't so hard for him to go on.

"He's got me worried, ma'am. He always used to be pretty good friends with me when he was a kid, and even after he grew up, for a while. But lately, since he's been trailing around with Tony Ricco's mob, I'm just a copper to him. They've got him sold on the idea he can get their kind of dough—big and sudden and soft. It's no use for me to try and tell him he can't. But I thought that maybe if you was telling him—" He stopped. "There's good stuff in Ed, ma'am. And he ain't forgetting all you done for him."

He looked around the clean cheerful little room.

"I got an idea that the main reason he's in such a hurry to get in the big money is so he can do more for you. Maybe if it was you that was telling him the kind of trouble he's headed for—"

"What kind of trouble?" The old lady leaned forward a little, and her voice had a queer, sharp sound. "Prison?"

"It could happen, ma'am. It could happen to anybody that gets hooked up with a mob like Ricco's. Specially somebody like Ed, that's decent inside—too decent ever to fit very good into a racket. It's the good guys like Ed that takes the raps when something breaks wrong."

"And—and you think that's going to happen to Eddy?"

She kept on leaning forward. There was a kind of eager look in her face, as if she wanted Kelly to say yes. That didn't make sense, he told himself. After the way she'd slaved and scrimped to bring up her dead sister's son, she couldn't possibly be hoping to hear that he was going to end up in the pen.

"I ain't saying it's going to happen," he said. "I'm only trying to keep it from happening."

"But you think it's going to." She said it under her breath, as if she were talking to herself. "You wouldn't be here if you didn't think so. And you know about such things."

THERE wasn't any doubt now about the way she felt. She was glad. She stood up. Some of the tired, beaten look was gone from her pinched-in face. There was strength in it now, and a strange, sudden brightness.

"I don't know how to thank you for telling me," she said. "You—you've taken a big load off my mind."

She held out her hand. Kelly was startled at the strength of it. He kept still. It was plain to him now that she wasn't right in the head. More talk would only make things worse.

He got out just in time to meet Eddy coming up the stairs, wide-shouldered, redheaded, with a freckle-spattered face that had to work hard to look ugly.

"What's the idea, flatfoot?" Eddy's voice did its best to sound like Ricco's, in spite of not being the right kind of voice for the job. "Looking for somebody?"

Kelly was too busy thinking about the old lady on the other side of the door to feel sorry for anybody else.

"I might be, at that, one of these days."

He said it in his copper's voice, shouldered Eddy out of his way roughly, and went down the stairs. Eddy stood staring down at him. Eddy had stopped trying to look like Ricco. He'd even stopped looking grown up. He looked like a kid, an overgrown friendly kid, startled and bewildered and hurt. Then, as if he'd just remembered the right way for a big shot to behave toward a copper, he sent a Bronx cheer down the stairway. And when he opened the door he had the Ricco look again, and the Ricco swagger.

"What was the old flatfoot up here for?" He said it the way Ricco would have said it. For once, though, the old lady didn't seem to mind. She nodded, as if she'd been wanting him to use that flat raspy voice on her.

"He was hoping that maybe you'd quit going around with Tony Ricco if I asked you to," she said.

EDDY gave that one the kind of laugh it called for. The old lady didn't seem to mind that either. She nodded again, the same way as before.

"It wouldn't be any use for me to ask you, would it?" she said.

"You ought to know," Eddy said. "You've tried it enough times."

"Yes," she said. "Too many times, maybe. I guess I ought to have quit trying a long while back. I ought to have realized it was too big a job for a woman, making you into the kind of man you've got it in you to be. I ought to have seen that it needed a man to do that. I wish it hadn't taken me so long to think of one that can do the job and to make up my mind to let him tackle it."

"Who? Old man Kelly?"

"No." Her voice was gentle but there was a queer kind of sureness in it. "Not Mr. Kelly. What he told me made me a little surer I was doing the right thing, but it was all done before he came. I'd already been down to the bank and got my old cleaning job back. And on my way home I stopped and told the draft board that I wasn't dependent on you any more, so that any time your Uncle Sam was ready to try making a real man out of you, there wasn't anything to hinder him from sending for you."

For a moment Eddy's face went blank. Then he burst out laughing, the easy kind of laugh he used to have when he and the old lady would play jokes on each other.

"He won't find me here," he said. He laughed again, under his breath. "I didn't want you to know how I felt about it, but I've been half crazy, trying to figure how to get hold of enough money to leave you fixed if I walked out on you. I even thought about hooking up with that heel Ricco, on the chance of getting it in a hurry. But I guess you'd sooner have it your way, huh? I guess I would, too. So that's the way it is. Any time they get around to sending for me, you tell 'em they can find me in"—he pulled in a quick breath and there was the kind of brightness in his face the old lady hadn't seen there since he'd grown up—"in the marines! I enlisted today."

He gave her a gay light slap between her shoulders. It seemed to take almost all the sag out of them.

THE END

GIRL O'WAR

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

A brilliant four-part novelette of America today—The story of a beauty and her heart

READING TIME ● 29 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

JUDY FARRELL'S beauty made her dynamite where men were concerned, and finally her boss, who owned a factory which made permanent-wave machines, fired her. She was a good worker, but because of her too many fights had occurred among the men.

Judy didn't mind leaving. Men were her prey and a job must be a happy hunting ground. She was a little sick of this place and was glad to get away from one particular man, Eddie, who was becoming too demanding. She went cheerfully back home to Bay Shore, Long Island, to her father, a retired seaman.

An airplane factory not far from Bay Shore seemed to Judy the ideal place to work. Good pay and plenty of men around. She hesitated when she learned that she must study for ten weeks. But when she saw Steve Layden, a young man who taught beginners, she decided to take the course. Steve's aloof seriousness challenged her, and she set out at once to make him aware of her.

One day when she approached him in the hall, a tall blonde girl came up to speak to him. It was Hollace Kittredge, in whose Oyster Bay home Judy had once had a job. Judy often remembered Hollace's brother, Kit, whose kisses had thrilled her as no other man's had.

On seeing Judy, Hollace's face drained to blankness. Judy, conscious of her own old wounds and anxious to scratch at Hollace, asked, "How's Kit?"

"He's with the Ferry Command now," Hollace said quietly.

FROM his office on the second floor of the new administration building, Colonel Runyon stared wistfully across at the green-and-brown factory camouflaged like some moldy growth in the morning sun.

When a bum ticker had ended his spectacular career in the Army Air Corps, the colonel had decided to spend the rest of his days leisurely building airplanes for private use. The little plant had been started near his home on Long Island so that he could drive over and superintend a handful of men turning out a few planes for his old buddies.

Now, below him in every direction roared a mechanized production engine, driven at top speed and beyond, so that sometimes he thought it must go screaming off the track, too powerful for human hands to control on the increasing curves. And this was not at all what he had dreamed.

Below him a file of boys marched by in the work uniforms of the Air Corps—ground-crew training on the spot so that soon they could repair the complicated insides of the death-dealing Thunderbolt on far-flung battlefields. A stream of women, out first for lunch, came out of the east building and the colonel sighed. He had never approved of girls in this chill, vicious business of war, but the production schedule lashed him beyond choice. This brutal, righteous extermination didn't give him the old lust for battle—he had never been a cold fighter—but he drove himself as he drove his men, because it had to be done.

He turned back to the young man who waited impatiently beside his desk. Every one was fevered with impatience nowadays. Washington was impatient, the army was impatient, he himself caught it and yelled and hollered at WPB for more and more material, though he knew well enough the poor guys sweating down there were doing the best they could.

His wife, who was still his beloved, had wept that morning when he went out into the foggy Long Island dawn. "You're killing yourself," she said; and the colonel said, "Nonsense, my dear." At that, it was a new kind of dawn patrol for him, and sometimes he smiled wryly, remembering that the army medicos had certified him unfit for service. Since 1917 he had been quite prepared to die for a country which gave him every exciting and glorious reason to love her, but he had expected to do it high in the clouds with a bullet through his guts, not from overwork behind a desk.

To the young man, who was what the colonel called his press agent, though they had fancier names for it now, he said, "Your job was supposed to be giving out accurate and permitted information. Now you want to become a social secretary. According to you, we ought to be responsible for ferry pilots twenty-four hours a day. How many of 'em do we get here in a month?"

"As many as we have planes to deliver, sir," said Ned Harrier.

"How long do they stay?"

"They make test flights to get familiar with the plane—sometimes the weather gets tough—or we're delayed—it's hard to say."

"In my day," said the colonel, "we didn't have to be wet-nursed when we got leave."

"They aren't on leave, sir," said Harrier, "and they come from every part of the country. Farmingdale's a small town and we thought it would be nice to get 'em tickets to some New York shows and arrange for them to meet some nice girls."

"Can't they even get their own women?" said the colonel. "When I was in France—"

HARRIER wondered if he was going to hear again about the baker's daughter at Eschatiel, but just then he met the colonel's eye and became actively aware that this was the man who had fought Richthofen to a standstill, and he said, "One of the Ferry Command has just arrived, if you'd see him, sir. Lieutenant Kittredge."

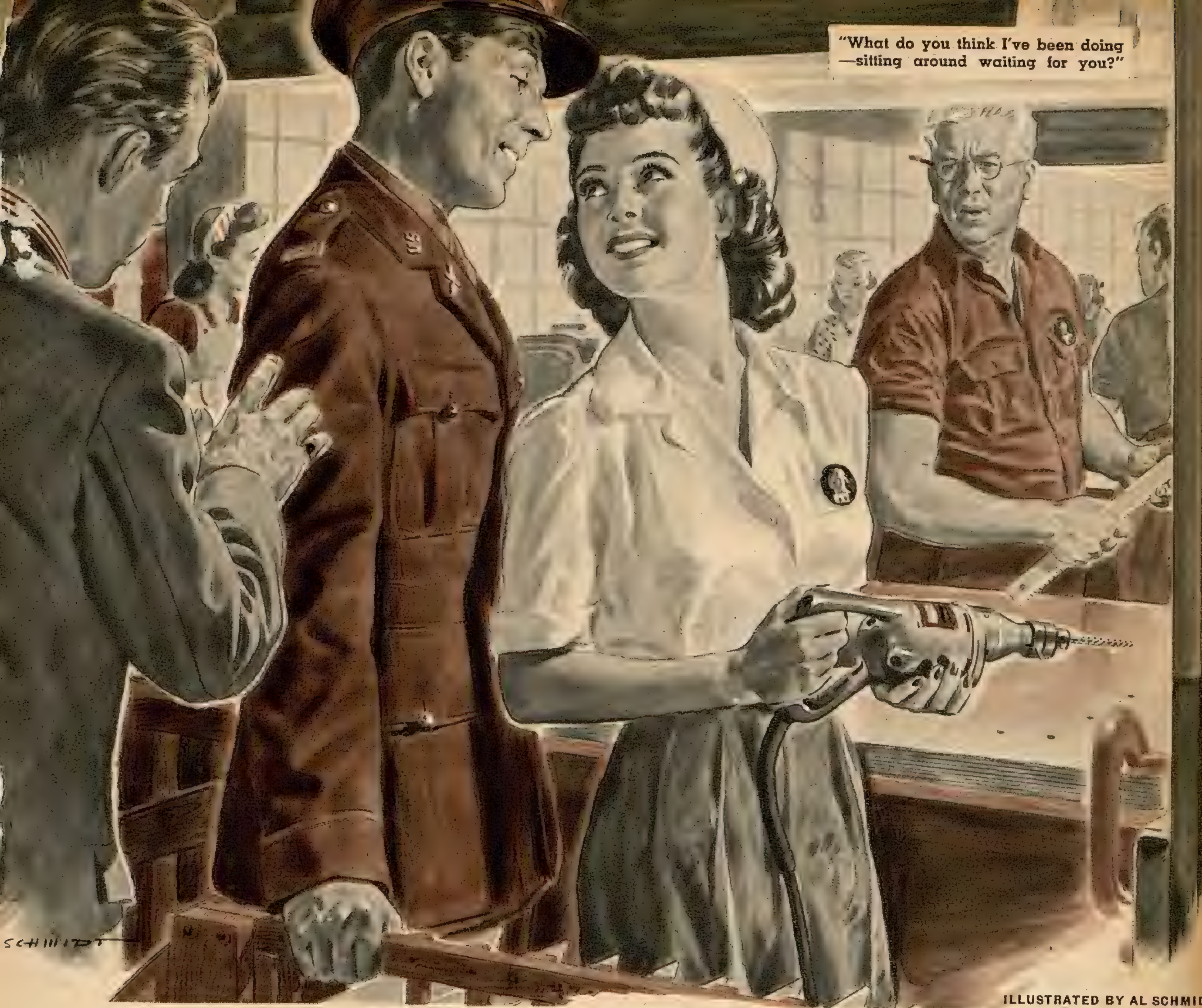
"Kittredge?" said the colonel. "That's an old name in these parts. Haven't we got his sister—Hollace or something—here? All right, bring him in."

In uniform, Lieutenant Kittredge was elegant and at ease, like a British officer of the line. Congress had made him an officer but his family had anticipated them by twenty-five years in making him a gentleman. The colonel, who had come up the hard way, knew the type and detested their arrogance on the ground but admitted their courage and deadly skill in the air.

He said, "Glad to see you, lieutenant. Ever flown a Thunderbolt?"

Lieutenant Kittredge said, "No, sir. I was with Lockheed on the Coast, ferrying their stuff over until December. I suppose that's why I'm here, though of course I've put in for combat service."

"H'mm," said the colonel. The man had charm, a word the colonel disliked because he could no more find a definition for it than a substitute.



"What do you think I've been doing —sitting around waiting for you?"

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

The kind women went off their heads about. He said abruptly, "I knew your father," and saw the young face sharpen. "I understand it's part of our job to make your stay among us pleasant, but since you live near here—"

"Oh, I'm the black sheep of the family, sir, as you may have heard," said the lieutenant easily.

"No man wearing that uniform should remain a black sheep, Lieutenant Kittredge," said the colonel. "Well—carry on."

He watched the pilot saunter out with exactly the right touch of swagger and understood a little the bitterness some of the Regular Army felt concerning the Air Corps. They might as well get over it. This was the Air Corps' war. Being Air Corps himself, the colonel waited for the next problem with a small grin under his distinguished mustache. Whatever it was, he had to give these lads ships to fly.

When the man, who was unidentified around the plant, had reported, the colonel sat silent for a moment, and the man said hesitantly, "I sometimes wonder if you take these things seriously enough, sir. I know how difficult it is to suspect any one—"

"Of course I take the possibility of sabotage seriously," the colonel said hotly. "Do you take me for an imbecile? *I* know we're more apt to get it from within than without. What I tell you is it's not some nut with a foreign accent you have to watch out for —Hitler and Yamamoto are too smart for that, my boy. It's the man who looks all right, the one you'd never suspect, the one who's been trained and paid—paid well—and always the human equation. These people working here didn't become saints and angels the moment they started to build planes. They've still got their problems and emotions and weaknesses."

The man shrugged. They all knew the colonel's fetish about the human equation.

WHEN Harrier opened the concealed door for Lieutenant Kittredge, the noise of the factory hit them in the face like pebbles. Kit's first impression was of light and sound and perpetual motion, of an almost inhuman cleanliness and space and speed. Here, the attempt to wipe out the human equation was cruel in its intensity. Everything was bright and glaring gray, except the great flag that flew in the early light of this man-made dawn. Kit thought he had never seen the flag so magnificently displayed. Fine showmanship. But the figures moving swiftly in the vast bright area had an air of intrepidity, pygmy men controlling a monster of destruction.

From Rio to Dakar, from Burbank to Montreal, from San Francisco to Nome, Kit had flown any plane a man could get off the ground. But he had never before seen one being put together by hands. Everything looked too little, too thin, too fragile to give birth to the power and maneuverability of the Thunderbolt.

His eyes were very busy and suddenly he stopped dead and Harrier bumped into him.

The girl was standing beside a high table with a metal top that moved easily on wheels. Stacks of metal lay one upon another, fitted as neatly as a dressmaker's pattern. In her hand the girl held an electric drill and, for all its size and power, she brought it down upon the pile with delicate precision, drove it through the aluminum as daintily as a woman might ply a needle. Her body, in tan slacks and thin white shirt, swayed in perfect rhythm and the round white sailor cap on the back of her dark hair gave her an air of impudent ease.

His exclamation of laughter could not have reached her above the roar and clang, but his gaze drew her. The enormous dark eyes widened and the soft throat tightened in panic—and then she smiled. The challenge of it flashed like a drawn sword, audacious in its welcome to a well known and worthy foe.

Harrier could not hear what they said when the young officer sauntered over, but it occurred to him that nobody need worry about this ferry pilot—he could get his own women. Every guy in the plant was on the make for Judy Farrell, and the lieutenant—but plainly he was an old friend, and Harrier remembered that the colonel had said he used to live around here. Of course. Hollace Kittredge—the tall young blonde from Oyster Bay who had been a socialite and horsewoman and one of the first girls to go to the factory's training school—the papers had wanted stories about it, but she had refused indignantly—this man must be her brother. Judy Farrell didn't seem quite in their class, but with looks like that it wouldn't have mattered, probably.

"YOU'RE even cuter in uniform," Judy said, and her voice, pitched against the raw buzz of her drill, had the old sense-stirring beauty. It reminded Kit of the delight flowing through him when he first heard it in his mother's house, for he was sensitive to women's voices and he hadn't wanted anything to cool his desire for this girl. Her voice called with the siren note. There had been plenty of fireworks afterward, and his mother and father and even Hollace had blamed the girl and, in a way, they'd been right. She'd asked for it, in Kit's opinion. She had been filled with that passionate curiosity that sends some girls headlong into life, and Kit had figured it might as well be he as the next man.

He said, "Do you know, this makes everything perfect, my sweet. Somehow, I've always known we'd meet up again somewhere sometime."

"Have you?" said Judy. "I thought you'd gone for good."

"Had to see what the great big beautiful world was all about," Kit said. "Very swell place, the world. And how can you know unless you go to Cairo and Cathay and all that?"

"You haven't changed much," said Judy.

"One thing I haven't changed about at all," Kit said. "I've seen 'em from Havana to Dutch Harbor, baby, and you're still tops."

The way his eyes moved over her reminded her that he knew more than any other man of the round slim strength beneath her trim work clothes, and the blood swept into her face and flew the old flag—color of excitement and spring ecstasy and all the heady incense of Kit's old madness. And Kit had been mad enough that other spring. She had never blamed him for riding away; the game had been worth its disaster. But she had now a most thrilling need to be offered the farewell kiss he had forgotten then. To be offered it. And whether she would take or refuse it she did not know in the excitement of this unexpected meeting.

Kit said, "Of course, dear, you haven't lost your flair for the dramatic. You look like a poster of a Girl at War. You surely haven't fallen for this keep-'em-flying routine?"

"There's gold in these hills," said Judy, "and it's fashionable." She wondered if he knew about his sister Hollace.

"Same reason papa flew little bombers to England," said Kit. "Trouble with us, Judy, is that we're realists. Cut out of the same piece of cloth, you and I. Is the Inn still there in Babylon, and does the honeysuckle still bloom outside the windows? Do you remember the tune we used to dance to when we managed to sneak out by night?" He hummed a snatch of it and his eyes were filled with that familiarity which is at once an insult and a caress. "I've flown with the moon over Miami since then, darling, and would you believe me if I said I always thought of you? I suppose not. But, Judy, shouldn't we dine and dance again and see if we can recapture that first fine careless rapture? It was your first, wasn't it, little Judy?"

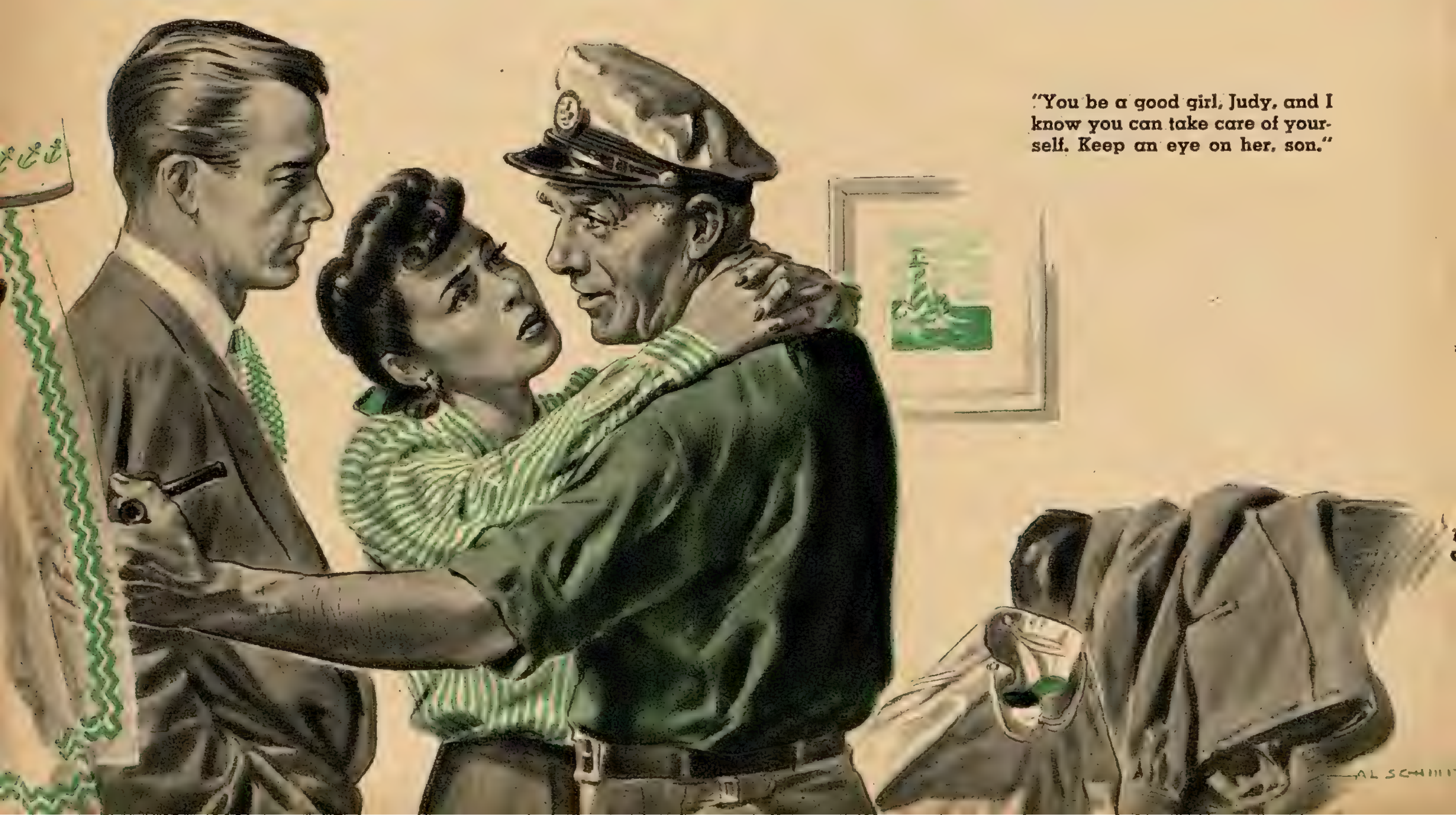
THE foreman cocked his eye and Judy winked at him. She said, "How about moving along, Kit? We workers aren't supposed to waste precious moments—bad as a soldier sleeping on sentry duty, as a lady orator told us last week."

"She didn't!" said Kit. "Aren't they lovely? Why do their bosoms always heave? All right—I'll go. And dinner?"

"I—don't know," said Judy, and laughed at him, showing the white teeth that instantly made a man think of the cleanness which must be part of feminine beauty. "What do you think I've been doing all this time—sitting around waiting for you?"

"Have you been sitting under the apple tree with somebody else than me?" said Kit. "Of course you have. I'm here today and gone tomorrow and those stuffed shirts may find out about me some day and send me off to fight those nasty little Japs. And I might not come back."

"You were gone quite a while this



"You be a good girl, Judy, and I know you can take care of yourself. Keep an eye on her, son."

time and I survived," remarked Judy.

"Look, darling, you're not married?" said Kit in a shocked voice.

"Whatever would I get married for?" said Judy lightly. But her eyes held a precocious knowledge that all fires end in ashes but that a new fire can always be kindled and burn as hotly. Upon her face the look was tragic, for youth should not guess the end in the beginning, nor know the wing beat of Love's death in the first kiss. But neither Judy nor Kit were aware of that tragedy as yet. She said, "As you said to me once—I'm not the marrying kind."

"If I taught you that, I did you a favor—no foolin'," said Kit. "Imagine always being haunted by the fish that got away! But this is wartime and it's woman's part to cheer the fighting forces—or hadn't you heard? It would be nice for me to have somebody to come back to as long as it was nice."

"I'll bet it would," said Judy.

At Kit's elbow, Harrier said nervously, "I think we'd better move along, sir."

"Of course," said Lieutenant Kittredge. And to Judy, "See you later."

JUDY flung a smile of triumph at his back. Behind her feeling for Steve Layden, she felt safe and sure with Kit. For that feeling had grown over the weeks, the dull weeks at school where she had first seen him; it had charged the days since she had come to the factory and found Steve Layden back at his own job and a very big shot in this swift world. Supervisor of the assembly floor and, the whisper went, a production genius. Playing with the fires of revenge might be dangerous, but the torch she had carried for Kit so long was out, surely it was out, and there was Steve, and Steve had the one and only irresistible lure for girls like Judy Farrell. He was unattainable, he represented the unattainable, and that she must somehow achieve.

Mike Frawley's voice crashed into her thoughts of Steve, thoughts that could even wipe out this meeting with Kit, thoughts that haunted and tormented her and were strung together by the rare times she managed to see him.

Mike said, "Judy, you got to cut that out. Here I am trying the best I know how, as your foreman, to run up a record and prove to the colonel that women are just as good as men, and you waste all that time making goo-goo eyes at a uniform."

"Who, me?" said Judy. "What am I supposed to do for sixty cents an hour—kill myself?"

She grinned at him. He was a pipe, big, sweet, fat thing, but he knew his stuff and so he knew how good Judy Farrell was. Some of the girls were coming along fine, but they weren't in Judy's class yet. She was an expert and they were amateurs.

Mike said, "Judy, you oughtn't to talk like that. I'm too old to fight and you're a girl, but this is our part. We can't let our boys down. And it's not what you're getting an hour—what with the boys getting only twenty-one a month—"

"And their room and board and clothes and insurance and doctors and dentists," said Judy. "If you think I'm getting rich on my salary, after they take out ten per cent for those war bonds, you're tetched in the head, dear."

She swung the table expertly, fitted the holes, and the drill bit cleanly. Mike watched her with admiration and misery mingled on his face. Mike never knew what had made him feel the way he did, but he always had more feelings than he could handle. There was upon him, though he could not have worded it, the dissatisfaction of a teacher who hears his most gifted pupil give a flawless technical rendering of a Bach fugue with no soul and no understanding of its meaning. Mike poured his great heart in a stream of patriotism into every piece of aluminum, and he felt somehow defeated because this girl, who was a born mechanic, didn't understand at all that they were serving under that flag just the same as MacArthur's men.

Besides, he was worried about her sometimes. Davis of Personnel had asked about her. They were fussy here about the girls, and any man with eyes in his head could see if you turned a girl like that loose with thirty-eight hundred men, some day there was bound to be trouble, even if Mr. Harrier was always sending stories to the papers about how the employees worked side by side and had forgotten about sex in patriotism. In Mike's opinion, it took more than a war to make people forget sex; in fact, he wasn't sure that the raw emotions and mad uncertainty of war didn't make 'em think about it even more. Of course he loved his wife, did big Mike Frawley, and had nine kids to prove it, but if he was in the confessional he couldn't deny he'd eyed Judy Farrell a time or two and thought what it would be like to be young again, and single of course.

Davis had said, "She may be more trouble than she's worth."

Mike said defensively, "She's the best worker I've got."

"Other girls listen to the way she kids about the war?" Davis said, and Mike hesitated. Those four new girls who'd come in last week. Judy wasn't popular, but they envied her, they admired, and so they listened.

"She don't mean nothing," Mike said. "It's all talk. Them kids like you to think they're hard-boiled, but when the pinch comes, they'll be there."

He thought how wonderful it would be if Judy felt the way he did, and he wished it so much that there were tears in his sentimental eyes.

If something would come along to make her see it before she got in trouble.

THERE was a battle in the Coral Sea, and the Chinese were still fighting for their lives on the Burma Road, and sugar-ration cards were handed out and the world lived on through heartbreaking days.

The plant roared to the end of another day and the colonel thought of all that and much more as he watched his workers file out after their ten-hour shift. Speeches were not in his line, but tomorrow he was going to tell them where the planes they worked on were flying and what the pilots had to say about them. He'd get that young ferry pilot to say a few words maybe.

AS he walked along the gravel to his old station wagon, still carrying himself in civilian clothes with the old Air Corps swagger, a tall young man in tan corduroys and a dark sweater stopped him. The colonel said, "Hello, Steve. Good to see you."

Steve said, "I know you've had a long day, sir, but I—I've got to talk to you."

But he seemed to have difficulty, and the colonel studied him with a quick hard glance. They had known each other a long time, he and Steve. The boy's mind was as fine and tempered as the steel with which he worked; had the same strength and integrity. The colonel was fond of that word—integrity. Steve belonged to that new race which would take over after the wrecking crew of war had destroyed the festering old world. Steve was the kind of man who would be ready to function in a world from which he had helped to eliminate time and space; he would be conqueror of a new frontier that ran from pole to pole and around the equator. What happened to Steve Layden was important, it was vital, because, the colonel thought, without men like Steve we wouldn't be able to make this show and the future work at all.

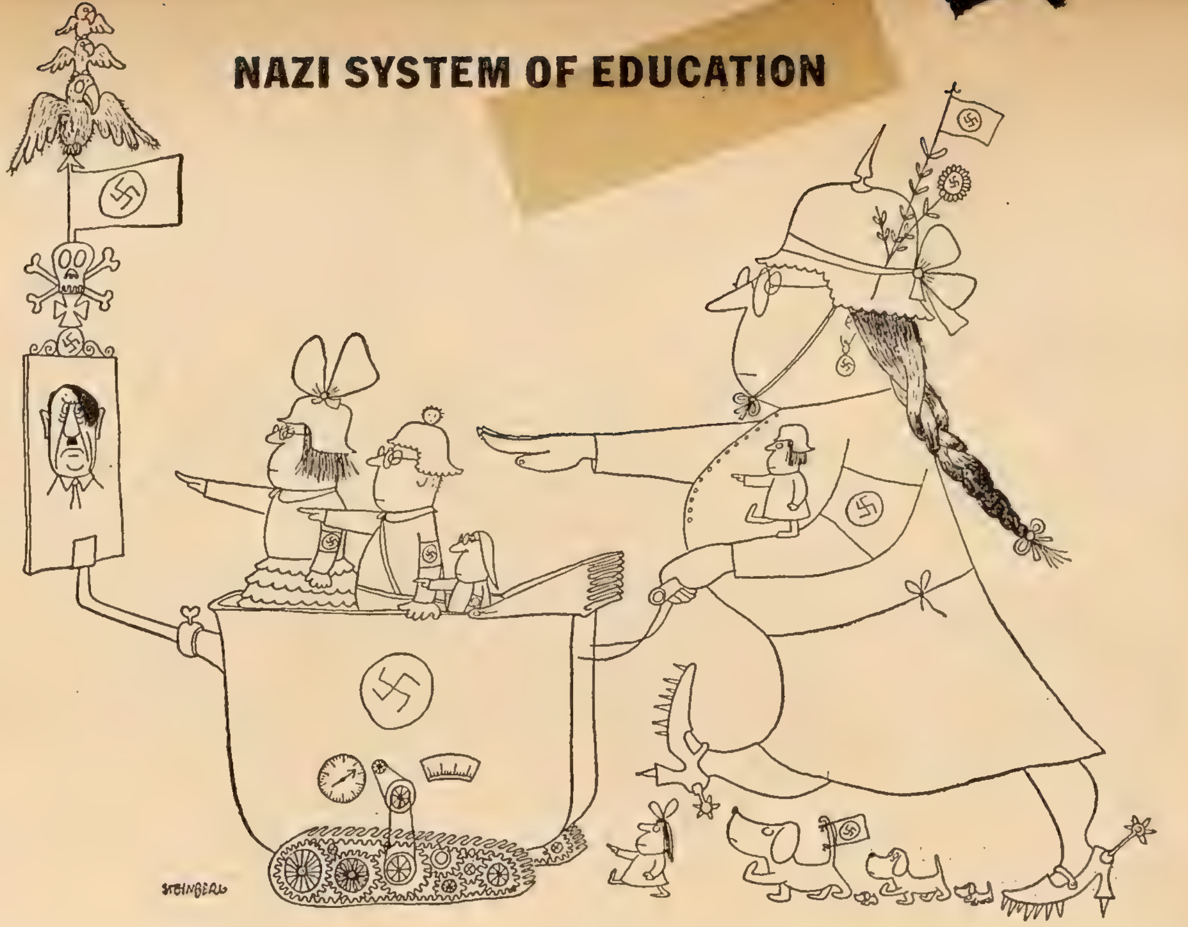
It had startled him one night when his wife, who was an excellent judge of men, had said that Steve Layden was an artist of science. "And what a lover he would make—for the woman who knew how to bring it out in him," she had added, and, at his grunt, "I like cold men myself."

Now he said, "Trouble anywhere, Steve?"

"Not in the shop, sir," Steve said, and then, in a burst, "I want to enlist!"

Literally, the colonel felt his heart sag. Better every day he knew what lay ahead in the world. Airplanes were going to have to be flown vast distances, refueled in the air. They were fighting enemies who had spent years working out cold and careful plans for service and supply—and that was the answer to this war. Until we had it, production would have to keep hitting staggering totals to take care of the inevitable loss. It meant the difference between victory and defeat.

Here stood a boy with the look of eagles in his gray eyes, a look the colonel knew so well. Of course the boy wanted to fly. Wanted to be in the thick of the fighting. Wanted, though he might not name it, the shock and thrill of combat, the drama



NAZI SYSTEM OF EDUCATION

and the applause which made courage easier. How well he knew!

His heart had taken up its normal tired beat again. He believed what he must try to show the boy, but it was hard to find flaming words to carry it.

"You can't do that, Steve," he said. "I can't spare you. What's got into you?"

Steve shook his head and his lips were grim. Perhaps it was the sight of a young man in uniform he'd seen bending over Judy Farrell with that air of the conqueror that airmen get. It had ripped open the desire to fly that had tormented him so long. He didn't really know Judy well—too busy and, it might be, a little shy, always afraid of giving himself away. But there had been something free—gay—about that man in uniform. If you flew—if you fought—it was over sometime. This service of his was never done and the responsibility of it ate into his flesh.

The colonel went on, almost as though talking to himself: "You're an engineer, you're a mechanic. Do you know how long it would take me to fill your place? The men will follow you any hours on any job. You get more work out of the assembly than I thought was in it. We've got boxes and boxes of Pratt-Whitney motors up there in front. They're ahead of us, Steve, and we've got to catch up. We've got to put bodies on those motors, boy. We've come a long way. We weren't a giant, like Ford or General Motors or even Lockheed or Boeing. We were just little fellows. But we aren't going to be licked, son. We're going to get those motors out of those boxes and put wings on 'em and fly 'em into the blue sky where they belong." He yelped suddenly, "You know the Thunderbolt's the best fighting plane on earth because you know its insides better'n the man who invented it. But I can't keep up if you fellows don't stick by me, can I? Lots of boys can learn to fly. You—you've got special knowledge, special training, and what the hell are they going to fly if you don't build 'em planes? That's not some slogan—go take a look inside—you know it all as well as I do. Show me the man to take your place—"

He put his hand on Steve's shoulder—he knew why the men loved Steve; he wished he had a son like him—and he cleared his throat before he said, "I'd rather be flying 'em, too, Steve. But we're earthbound this time, feller."

As he watched the boy walk away he knew that wasn't fair. He'd had his day, he'd worn his uniform and flown and fought. But he had to do it that way. Being a praying man, as most good pilots are, he asked that nothing should disturb Steve Layden and that he might be given the greater courage to stick to his job.

When he saw Steve hesitate at the corner of the building and square his shoulders against the load, the colonel did not sense that the boy stood at the crossroads.

Behind him, Hollace Kittredge came down the walk, her hair catching a last gleam of sunlight. When she saw Steve, she stopped, poised on a lifted breath. For quite a long time now she had known she was in love with Steve Layden. But she did not know exactly what to do about it. She did not know whether Steve, who had learned his trade in the foundries and the machine shops and the night schools, would understand the great house in Oyster Bay as already a thing of the past to Hollace.

She wished she could tell Steve Layden how much she wanted to belong to his new world. But there was a silly, singing happiness inside her, too, because whatever came, at least life had broken through and she knew love. As the thought soared from her heart to her head, she moved forward—she would ask him to drive home with her, to have dinner, as she would any other young man.

The hesitation defeated her. Judy Farrell always knew what to do about a man. She came from the other direction, she put her hand on Steve's arm, she said, "Sometimes I think you don't like me. You're not playing teacher any more and—I get lonesome. I don't think you're very kind to me." Her eyes were pools of sweetness and her hand on his arm trembled a little.

Kind? At that moment Steve Layden needed kindness himself, he needed warmth, he needed to get away from machines for a while and blueprints and aluminum and copper wire and men he had to make into machines, too.

Earthbound. Well, if he was to be earthbound, he might as well have some of the fruits of earth, touch and feel and taste them. His youth cried for wings, but if he must go on making wings for other men, he'd take the armor off his heart. This girl was warm and alive to hold in his arms—perhaps she could make a man forget.

Hollace Kittredge stood rigid and watched them walk away, Steve Layden's tall strong figure towering above the girl named Judy Farrell, the girl's arm locked through his. That girl! The girl who had once waited upon Hollace Kittredge and hated her. Yet that girl had the power to express all that Hollace kept locked inside herself.

But this girl must not take Steve—not Steve. What would Judy Farrell know of the dreams to which Steve Layden was dedicated? What she had done to Kit was bad enough, but if she unsteadied Steve's hand and fevered his brain, it would be more than Hollace could bear.

SWINGING away from the two figures that grew smaller, Hollace crashed into an aviator in uniform. "Kit—" she said, as she drew back. "Kit!"

Lieutenant Kittredge took his eyes from the same couple as they passed through the gate, and he began to laugh. "Hollace—but of course you would. The Kittredges breed patriots."

Her eyes took in the changes the years had written, but the surge of memories going back as far as she had memories swelled into happy tears. "Why didn't you let us know?" she said. "Kit—mother will be so glad—so glad."

"Take it easy," Kit said, his arm about her shoulders. "I didn't know whether the fatted calf was prepared or not, dear. Since it is—let's go."

As she drove the long roadster out of the parking lot, Hollace said, "Kit, do you remember that girl—Judy Farrell?"

"Judy?" said Kit, his lips ironical. "Now let me see—"

"She's here—she works here—"

"Don't worry," said Kit. "I'm a ferry pilot—here today and gone tomorrow."

The roadster passed the battered coupé going north and Kit caught a glimpse of Judy's profile framed in the window and he felt the sting that denial brought him. But he was very sure of himself, once he could hold Judy in his arms. There was something about the first man's arms to which a girl had yielded—and there was now a great deal of unfinished business between them. He hoped he wouldn't be sent to Alaska or Libya before he finished it.

WHEN Steve and Judy walked up the steps of the old house, Cap Farrell stood in the lighted doorway. He said, "I been waiting for you, Judy."

"But, Cap darling, what in the world for?" said Judy and introduced Steve.

If she had not been his daughter, Cap might have recognized all the things bubbling in her voice: the lilt of violin strings, the desirous moan of the saxophone, the beat of drums. Steve and Judy had been dancing, and the touch of him still ran in her blood, and before her eyes in the darkness she could still see the smile that had come at last. The rareness of that smile woke in her the acquisitiveness of a collector for a first edition. They had been dancing and he had smiled and said, "I've never really danced before." And Judy's hot greedy little hands touched the unattainable.

They went into the lighted parlor, and she saw at once the old duffel bag on the floor and Cap's windbreaker on a chair, and she said, "What's cooking, Cap?"

"I got to go to town," Cap said.

"At this time of night?" Judy said. "My precious lamb, you're nuts."

But Steve, watching the old man's face, said, "Sail with the tide, captain?"

"This is no time for a sailor to sit ashore, the way I see it," said Cap, knocking his pipe against his boot heel. "I ain't always been one to admire the English, but seems like they've held that mad dog off'n us quite a while, and I figger now we're in it I ought to give 'em a hand."

Steve said, "The bravest man in this war is the one who sails out on a merchant ship with cargo."

"We'll get them cargoes over if we can," Cap said, "but them Nazis been fixing up to run us off the free seas for a long time. If we can't do the job, you flying fellers will have to take over."

In a choked voice Judy said, "I think you're crazy. There are submarines and you're too old, and what's it got to do with you? Don't go, Cap."

"I don't aim to care much about living in a world where those damn Huns tell me whether I can sail the seas or not," said Cap, "so I already said I'd be along. They need men. I got a friend driving me to town. You be a good girl, Judy, and I know you can take care of yourself all right. Keep an eye on her, son."

He kissed Judy awkwardly. Her hands clung to him with astonishing strength and they heard her strangled sobs, but Cap broke her hold quietly. It would have been well if he'd had words to tell his daughter what a man expects of his woman in time of war, what he had received from Judy's mother when he sailed away in the last war. It would have been well if he had known how to tell her what was in his heart. But he did not. He said, "We're better'n they are in the long run, Judy. I'll be back," and went out, leaving her shaking with a new nameless emotion.

War. Cap had gone to war.

She began to cry wildly, like a child, and could not remember when she had cried before.

For Steve Layden it changed everything. This weeping child wasn't the girl he had danced with, the girl he had desired to intoxicate him to forgetfulness.

He said tenderly, "Judy—Judy dear—don't. He'll be back, darling."

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20 QUESTIONS

1. War is now raging within the territory of a country which is still neutral. You may know the name of the country, but what is the name of its ruler?

2. In the parlance of U. S. merchant seamen, what does "tin fish" mean?

3. Weighted silk is inferior to pure silk. What are the important war priority metals used to "weight" silk?

4. Because of the draft laws of another country, what American sport may be discontinued?

5. Name five operas by Richard Wagner.

6. In Telluride, Colorado, in 1937, the name of one of the highest mountains in the state was changed. It was called Mt. Wilson. What is it now called?

7. The Chinese Republic is now thirty years old. Who was the founder and President of the Chinese Republic?

8. An American invented the machine gun in 1861. What was the last name of the man who invented it?

9. You've seen pictures of the White House. How many acres would you say the buildings and grounds cover—4, 16, 32, 64?

10. This Is the Army, the Irving Berlin show, recently opened on Broadway. It is the 1942 version of what 1918 all-soldier hit written by Berlin?

11. People who are now selling War Bonds are called Minute Men. During the last war, what were the people called who made short addresses to increase the sale of Liberty Bonds?

12. The heroic defenders of Sebastopol held out against the Nazis for 245 days. In what other war during the last century was Sebastopol besieged? Who besieged it?

13. When a U. S. soldier speaks of the "old man," whom does he mean?

14. Is American history a required subject in all public schools in the United States?

15. "'You're wounded!' 'Nay,' the soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:"
What did he say and what did he do?

16. Is the Governor of Puerto Rico appointed by our President, or is he elected by the people of Puerto Rico?

17. Besides being movie actors, what do Ralph Bellamy, Ronald Reagan, and Wayne Morris now have in common?

18. During the Revolutionary War, Thomas Paine wrote Common Sense, became one of the most noted figures in American history. Was he ever an American citizen? In what other revolution did he participate?

19. The flags of all the United Nations are constantly in view these days. What are the three colors in the flag of the Chinese Republic?

20. If you miss this one we'll be hurt indeed! Describe the cover on this issue of Liberty without looking at it.

(*Answers will be found on page 24*)

"Maybe he won't," said Judy, "and he's all I've got."

"He's pretty swell," Steve said. "I can understand you better now, knowing him. I'm glad I was here when he went. It makes us closer. And, Judy, he told me to take care of you."

In his arms, she wept more quietly; he could feel the quivering breaths against him and smell the fragrance of her hair as his hand touched her face, and his heart melted in him. The broken words of protest and of a great bewilderment were alive against his shoulder, they vibrated through him.

His kiss was all these things. There was tenderness in it and pity for the girl he thought he knew now as Judy Farrell. They clung together, comforting each other, and then the pain and the loss melted away and only the kisses were left.

But when you got the unattainable, when it lost that irresistible lure, what was it? It must change, it could no longer be the unattainable, and what it would become, no one could tell.

Certainly Judy Farrell, standing in the hot sun on the flying field back of the factory at noon the next day, could not tell. She stood there with thousands of workers and her little face was cold with anger, but the anger was not for Cap; she did not know for whom it was, but she hated all this that was happening.

Her restless eyes saw the colonel on the little platform behind the microphone and she thought he must have been quite a dish himself when he was younger and in uniform like the man beside him. Kit—the man beside him was Kit. Around her she could hear all the girls whispering about him, and he did look effective and dramatic up there, the way a hero ought to look. Kit! If they gave a man wings and he flew, could he be a hero still—with clay feet? It might be fun to show these silly little drips who were always whispering about her a thing or two. And Miss Hollace Kittredge over there, the great Miss Kittredge who used to order everybody around, looking up now with a shining face of worship. Might be fun to show her, too.

EXACTLY then, as the colonel moved forward, she saw Eddie. Handsome, if you liked them little and dark and quick, he was standing with the other men, wearing the blue shirt and the colored scarf he used to wear down at the old factory.

He was staring at her, and when their eyes met he lifted his hand and gave her an exaggerated little salute.

So Eddie had caught up with her.

It was perhaps as well that the colonel, as he began his quiet introduction of the man who ferried their finished Thunderbolts to the battle line, didn't know about Eddie. He was always afraid of the human equation.

Judy now has three men to handle—Steve, Kit, and Eddie. There is trouble ahead in the third chapter of this exciting four-part novel!

BAFFIN ISLAND
GREENLAND
HUDSON BAY
ICELAND
CANADA
LABRADOR
GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE
NOVA SCOTIA
NEWFOUNDLAND
EIRE
ATLANTIC OCEAN

"Direct air attack on Germany from this side of the Atlantic," says Major de Seversky, "is altogether possible and plausible."

CAN BOMBINGS MAKE GERMANY QUIT?

The real air offensive is yet to come! A famous fighter, flyer, and builder of army planes shows you what it will be like and forecasts its effect

BY MAJOR ALEXANDER P. de SEVERSKY

Author of Victory Through Air Power

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

WE have seen spectacular and devastating bombardments from the skies. Amsterdam—which was sheer vandalism without strategic purpose. London—an all-out assault on popular morale. Coventry—an experiment in total industrial annihilation. Cologne, Essen, Bremen, Danzig—mass erasure of strategic areas. Tokyo—grim token of bigger things in the offing.

And we have seen these attacks from on high gain rapidly in destructive fury. Witness the fact that the kind of damage inflicted on Coventry by armadas of hundreds of Nazi planes was duplicated against Rostock and Lübeck on the Baltic Sea by only a few score British bombers. With only about *three* times as many planes, the Royal Air Force hurled *ten* times as much explosive on Cologne as the Germans had dropped on Coventry.

But the true aerial offensive is still to come!

When it does, it will emerge from the shadows of night into broad daylight. It will be equipped and organized to battle its way to earmarked objectives, and to battle its way back, just as powerful naval fleets used to do in the epoch of sea power. It will be continuous, day after day and week after week, so that its effects will be cumulative. The enemy will be given no respite to rally defensive forces and repair their physical stamina.

Moreover—and this is supremely important—the true air offensive will be geared scientifically for precision bombing. We shall not be content with mere "stunt" assaults, no matter how impressive, which leave the general strategic picture unaltered. Neither shall we invest enormous effort in wiping out entire areas from night skies in order to demolish the few vital objectives located in those areas.

The purpose will be to eliminate specific military, industrial, and transport objectives—to make every ton of explosive count in terms of key parts of the enemy's war machine put totally out of commission. Not only will definite military targets be aimed at, but even specific portions of the targets.

An example of this sort of planned destruction was provided by the R. A. F. raid on the Renault automotive plant outside Paris. The attackers picked out specific sections of the plant where important links in the chain of production were concentrated, such as high-capacity presses and processing apparatus on which the entire production hinges. By knocking out those sections the whole manufacturing enterprise was paralyzed.

What that raid did in an isolated case, on the basis of a surprise visit against rather feeble opposition, the all-out strategic campaign, if properly conceived, will do continually in bold offensive actions.

And the primary objective in the great aerial drive will be Hitler's air power: not only the planes in the air or on the ground but the whole complex of airdromes, fuel depots, repair works, aircraft factories, which are as much a part of real air power as the planes themselves.

The idea is to take control of the skies and thereby to establish *a three-dimensional blockade.* Once that is achieved, the fate of the enemy nation will be sealed. Whether we choose to smother it slowly by destruction without let-up, or to follow up the aerial mastery quickly by surface invasion

U.S.S.
SWEDEN
Kharkov
Hamburg
Bremen
NAZI GERMANY
SWITZ.
FRANCE
ITALY
ERNEST CABAT

and occupation, will then be a political rather than a military decision.

In the past it was essential to knock out the adversary's sea power before imposing an effective naval blockade. Today, similarly, it is essential to neutralize the enemy's air power in order to clamp down the modern blockade from the skies. But there is this telltale difference:

The naval blockade cut off the victim's contacts with the outside world but left the internal communications untouched. It was like a fence around the blockaded area. Today's aerial blockade is infinitely more effective —not only isolating the country from the outside world but wrecking also the interior life lines.

Merely to sketch briefly the character of the true offensive from the skies, as we have done here, is to prove that it has not yet been tried. Even the 1,000-plane raids by the R. A. F. are no more than preliminary and explorative actions.

In a recent discussion on a radio forum in which the writer took part, an orthodox military man kept repeating that experience "from Spain to Libya" had proved the inability of the air weapon to score a decision. This gallant old general simply failed to see beyond Spain and Libya. His theme was that it couldn't be done because it hadn't been done.

That is precisely the mentality which the enemy has so often exploited to spring strategic surprises upon the United Nations. The blitzkrieg technique was one such surprise. The aerial conquest of Crete, in defiance of Britain's massed naval might, was another.

The aviation offensive against the heart and vitals of the Axis system—Germany itself—will be our response. It will be another "first," but, for once, scored by the democracies. The dynamics of modern warfare demand that we visualize the *potential* uses of the air weapon beyond its *demonstrated* uses. Neither arrested imaginations nor respect for precedent must stop immediate preparations for utilizing the full possibilities of air power for decisive action.

We have had plenty of proofs of the fact that air power is the most important element in combined air, sea, and land operations. No one any longer disputes that. Even the die-hards of an older military tradition have reluctantly accepted the fundamental law of the aviation age: superiority in the skies above the theater of action is the first and indispensable condition for successful warfare below.

We have had considerable proof, too, of the ability of air power, virtually unaided, to score a decision locally. Crete is a case in point of which the lay observer is aware. Another and more significant example was provided by the Battle of Britain, although the facts have not been generally understood and, indeed, have often been misinterpreted.

It should be emphasized that in the Battle of Britain air power, through the R. A. F., did score a decision—the crucial decision that wrecked the German plans for invasion of the British Isles. Armies and navies on both sides of that momentous struggle were completely out of it, reduced to mere spectators, while two mighty air fleets dueled for supremacy. The defending forces were victorious. Although vastly outnumbered by the Nazi invaders, British air power took superb advantage of the enemy's shortcomings in the performance of his aircraft. It also took full advantage of his strategic mistakes.

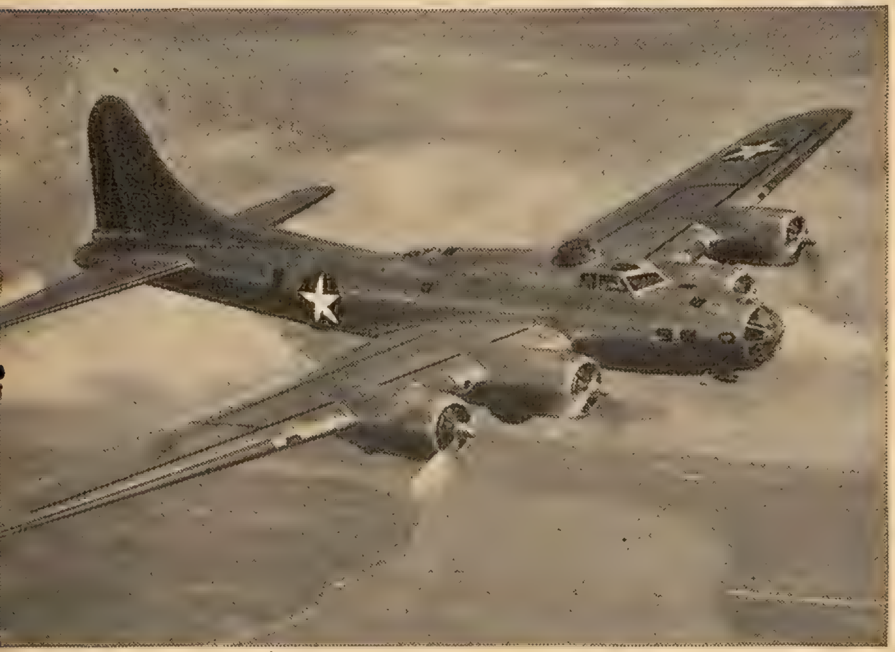
Superficial military men of an older school like to cite the Battle of Britain as an example of the failure of air power to score a decision. What they overlook is that a superior defending air force won that battle. The losses of battles in the past, on land and at sea, have prevented the attacker from scoring a decision.

The German mistakes in the matter of equipment and strategy, moreover, will stand us in good stead, now that we are gearing to succeed where Hitler failed.

That success will rest on new kinds of aircraft. The air armadas that will crush Germany are foreshadowed in the big four-engined British and American bombers already in service. But they will be built to accept combat, paying a price in losses as all offensive actions through history have had to pay.

All air strategists recognize that true offensive bombing will be fully effective only in daytime operations. "Area bombing," the only kind possible in the night hours, is wasteful. What is gained in safety for the attacking force is more than lost in the haphazard nature of the destruction. Besides, the rapid perfection of radiolocator devices is narrowing down the margin of immunity provided by darkness. Once again science is winning out over nature, in effect turning night into day. All new planes, in view of this, should be designed without reckoning on the support of darkness. They should be independent of the clock, relying on their intrinsic strength.

Audacious large-scale bombing is bound to come into its own. And it is this sort of procedure for which the United Nations should prepare. New



"The big Boeing B-17E Flying Fortresses"—this is one of them —"are proving to be the backbone of our air offensive," said Lt. Gen. H. H. Arnold, Commanding General of Army Air Forces.

Here—over Chesapeake Bay on the Fourth of July—is today's biggest seaplane, our navy's 70-ton Martin flying boat Mars. Government officials looked on as it made this initial flight.

design of airplanes, the development of precision sights and the gunfire-control apparatus make it wholly practicable.

We must face the fact that an old-fashioned invasion by sea and land is no longer feasible against areas adequately protected by land-based air power. Combined land-air warfare can be conducted between countries lying on the same continent—as in the German invasions of the Low Countries, France, and Russia. But where the nations involved are separated by water the strategic picture is entirely different.

In that case, mastery of the air over the whole theater of action must be established *first*. That is exactly what Japan did in the southwest Pacific and what Germany succeeded in doing over the Skagerrak and Norway—territories which it conquered. That is exactly what Germany failed to do over the Channel and the British Isles, which it failed to conquer.

A successful invasion of the European continent is out of the question, except after the Allies win control of the air above. To transport, let us say, a million soldiers and the necessary equipment would require—according to all experts—about 15,000,000 tons of shipping. Assuming an average ship of 5,000 tons, it means an armada of 3,000 vessels. We would have to concentrate that huge armada somewhere in the vicinity of operations, thus offering a concentrated target for enemy bombardment before it ever got started. And such immense forces cannot sneak across. It would take not days but weeks to carry out the maneuver.

DURING that time Hitler would use all his vast air power to drown the invasion while it was still on water. If necessary, of course, he would borrow some dive bombers from the East for a few days, without disrupting his main fronts. Remember that Germany operates on short interior lines of communication and can mobilize virtually its entire air power for quick and decisive action against invasion.

Without absolute superiority to the total aviation which the Axis would mobilize to sink the expedition, the undertaking would turn into a species of mass suicide. Bridgeheads might be established under local air protection and in surprise moves, but these would be quickly wiped out. We are talking about a large-scale invasion geared for conquest of a continent. To attempt that without first taking over the air is to invite disaster on a gigantic scale.

And here is the paradox of the situation that must be faced. Since air mastery comes first, why the urgency to invade? Once the air is in our hands, the orthodox mile-by-mile surface strategy can wait until the enemy is weakened and *disarmed* in his homeland through the destruction of his industrial set-up.

In the light of present-day aviation realities, the surface invasion under friendly skies is essentially a process of *occupation*, the follow-up on aerial supremacy.

Offensive through the air thus becomes the indispensable and inevitable strategy of the United States. Germany can—and I believe ultimately will—be crushed from the air.

The British Isles, fortunately, offer a convenient base for that supreme undertaking. Their weakness, however, is that they are not self-contained. Much of the air equipment, all of the fuel, many of the vital supplies and replacements must come from the American side of the Atlantic.

Should the Axis succeed in interrupting American communications with Great Britain—as it is attempting to do in the all-important Battle of the Atlantic—the British Isles would be practically eliminated as an air-power citadel. Hence the incalculable importance of winning that battle of communications.

With the Atlantic entirely in our hands, all the bombers which are now rolling off our assembly lines would be effective against Germany. But it would be the height of foolhardy optimism to count on such clear-cut freedom of communications. We must be prepared for all eventualities.

Even if the life lines will not be severed but will be impaired to the extent of denying us an adequate flow of fuel, munitions, and other essentials, the resulting strategic condition must be estimated and faced. Hundreds of thousands of bombers produced here and planted on the British Isles obviously would be rendered useless if they lacked the gasoline and other essentials for a large-scale offensive.

Yet that condition need not be fatal to the effort, as assumed by most old-line surface strategists, since direct attack on Germany from this side of the Atlantic is altogether possible and plausible. Indeed, even in the present phase of the Atlantic battle it would be more economical. That it is possible from an aeronautical engineering standpoint is beyond doubt; all our leading designers have already indicated their readiness to build such planes. And the economy of such direct procedure becomes apparent when we consider the terrific losses now imposed by the Nazi submarine blockade and the gigantic cost of fighting it. Not only are supplies sent to the bottom, but vast quantities of fuel are invested in all kinds of surface patrols and convoys, which in turn must be protected by a mass of aircraft, again draining our fuel resources.

True, the distance for overseas bombardment is roughly ten times as great, and the planes, being necessarily larger, would consume about twice as much fuel. This would make the total cost in gasoline twenty times greater. But the bombing power of such planes will be at least ten times greater, thus reducing the fuel ratio to only 2 to 1. That twofold cost becomes an enormous saving when the other factors mentioned are taken into consideration.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 21

1. King Farouk. He is the king of the "neutral" country of Egypt, where the British and Nazi forces are now fighting.
2. Submarine.
3. Tin and lead.
4. Hockey. Most of the players in the American clubs are Canadians, subject to the draft laws.
5. Tannhäuser, Tristan und Isolde, Parsifal, Die Walküre, Götterdämmerung.
6. Mt. Franklin Roosevelt.
7. Sun Yat-sen.
8. Gatling.
9. Sixteen.
10. Yip Yip, Yaphank.
11. Four-Minute Men. (This comes from Webster's Dictionary, no less!)
12. Crimean War. The French and British tried for eleven months to take Sebastopol.
13. His company commander.
14. No. In twenty-two states no public-school instruction in American history is required. This fact was deplored by Associate Justice Robert H. Jackson in an address before the Texas Bar Association recently.
15. " 'I'm killed, Sire!' And his chief beside,
    Smiling the boy fell dead."
    By Robert Browning.
16. He is appointed by the President. Roosevelt has recently approved a plan under which Puerto Ricans will elect their own governor in 1944—if the war is over then.
17. They are now all members of the U. S. armed forces.
18. No. "My country is the world," he often said, "and my religion is to do good." He participated in the French Revolution.
19. Red, white, and blue. It has a red background, with a blue sky and a white sun in the upper inside corner.
20. Well, you can look now—and it's a pretty good cover, isn't it?

AS a matter of fact, regardless of what happens in the Battle of the Atlantic, such long-range operations are in the cards. (In the Pacific, the war simply cannot be won until we possess such an aerial force for direct action from this continent.) The British Isles, as our most advanced base, are becoming a kind of Malta of the Atlantic, requiring massed fighter aviation to shield them. Transoceanic bombardment can therefore operate at the European end under the mighty protection of the British Fighter Command in synchronized action calculated to annihilate German strength at its source.

These transocean superbombers will be able to wreak more destruction in one flight than all the recent 1,000-plane raids put together.

Wishful thinking has been a debilitating disease of the democracies. We have preferred to believe that the war will end quickly, and have therefore tended to ridicule the "weapons of tomorrow." But "tomorrows" have come and gone, finding us loaded with backward equipment. Let us, rather, plan as if the war were to continue indefinitely. Let us build the most audacious and advanced weapons in line with an audacious and advanced strategy.

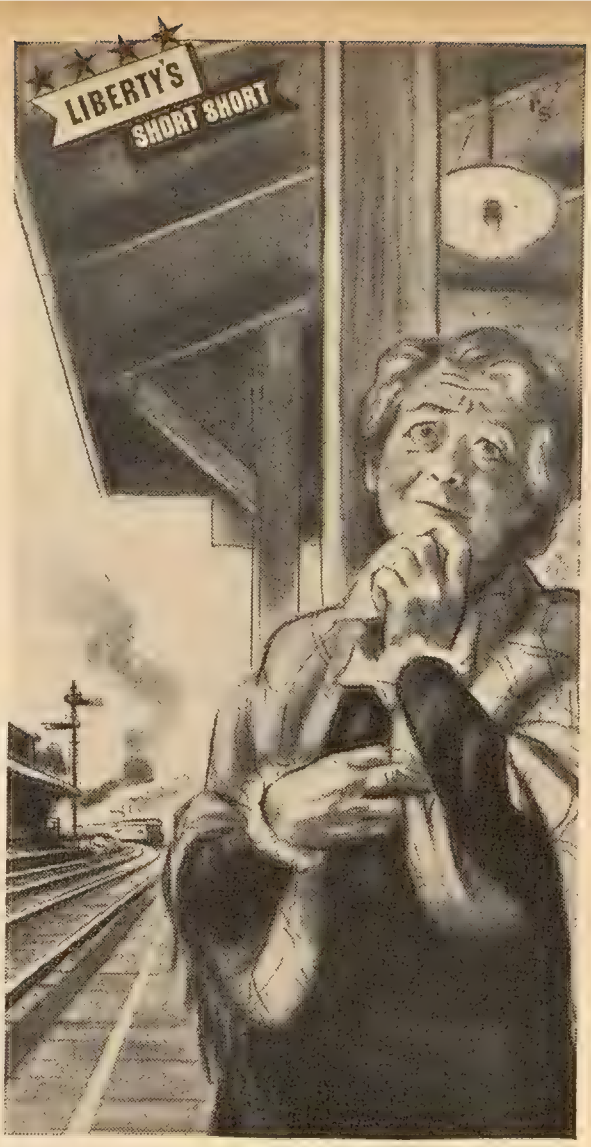
In the writer's considered opinion, that strategy is an all-air offensive—operating from the British Isles now, and also from the American continent as soon as possible. Instead of wasting lives and substance on outmoded or halfway weapons, let us immediately channel the major portions of our wealth and our resources of labor and materials for victory through air power.

THE END

ON TIME

BY EMMANUEL WINTERS

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 30 SECONDS



MARTHA was smiling as she came briskly down the long winding staircase of the lonely rambling house. She paused at the last landing. The great house was empty now. But in three short hours the 12.15 would be in. In three hours that rascally, miserably irresponsible brat of hers would blow in from heaven knows where, as he always did on her birthday, to catch her in his arms, spin her about, and maul her with kisses until she'd gasp and protest and love him to death. Martha smiled happily and hurried down the remaining few steps. Three hours! And here she was dreaming again. Just as though a cheerful busy woman of seventy had the right to waste time on silly daydreams!

She hustled through the large heavily carpeted dining room and entered the bright sunny kitchen. At least once a year that vagabond of hers would have the taste of a mother's cooking. And what tastes! Chow mein, hamburgers, bouillabaisse, toasted marshmallows!

Chuckling, she recalled what her dead husband had exclaimed many years ago: "That fool son of yours doesn't take after me, that's sure." Martha stirred the bouillabaisse. No, Dick certainly had not taken after his father. Babbitts never sired gypsies. Sometimes, though, Babbitts married gypsies without ever finding it out. Not even after a lifetime together.

Now, Tom and Mary *were* like their father. They didn't come to her on her birthdays, but always mailed dutiful presents. This year Tom had sent her a new book on cooking. He would. And what else would Mary select but a dozen pairs of silk stockings?

"Dear Mother," Tom had written. "Please accept this small token of my love and loyalty."

Martha chuckled softly. Naturally Dick had not written. He came himself! A fierce gust of pride reddened her gentle face. But if he did write, there'd be no "Dear Mothers," no "loyalties," no "small tokens"! Not from her Dick! It would be something like: "Hello, you old hunk of incomparable motherhood, how in blazes are you?" And how she'd love it! No, gypsies never wrote. Vagabonds never recorded life; they just lived it, fully and gaily, the way she had always dreamed she might live. Dreams! Her deep throaty laughter rang through the silent house. A lifetime of dreams—with a Babbitt!

MARTHA gave one long last look at the table set carefully for two and then went into the bright flower-filled parlor. Everything was ready for the prodigal. For the past ten years, ever since he had run off, she had been prepared on her birthday for his return. But this year was special. On his last visit he had promised that next time he would bring her a real surprise, some little thing he was growing especially for her, something, he had vowed, a darling little old lady like her would appreciate for the rest of her life.

What would it be, she wondered. If only it were Dick himself, to stay! But she drove the thought away. Dick was not the kind to stay anywhere for long. Probably it would be some strange exotic plant from some distant place. For each year had meant another vista, another part of the world, another color in the rainbow of his deliberately chosen career of freedom and vagabondage. Even as a child he had been bent on searching for the unusual, the novel, the exciting sides of life. And now at thirty-five he was still the same child. Suddenly she realized that the only normal thing in both their lives was the love they bore for the tolerance and youthfulness in each other, a sort of mutually understood song without words, the only bit of gypsy music left for her.

She sat down in her rocker and tried to relax the tension of her body. Suppose he stays away this time, flashed through her mind. Not my Dick, came as a second flash. He always comes. She remembered how once he had returned in kingly state, bristling with prosperity, alone in a private car on the 12.15. Another time he had come home and told her that he had been married and divorced. Just that. Not a word of elaboration. Dick was like that. And while she'd wondered, she'd never asked about his wife. And there was the time he'd come back sick, worn, emaciated, in a freight car. But always he had come on her birthday! Always.

She got out of her chair. The silence and loneliness and anticipation of his "surprise" pressed in on her. She was restless. She'd go to the station. At least that was something to do.

UP and down she paced along the dirty red station platform. The factory sirens shrilled the call of noon. The old lady, slight, eager, and wistful in her long taffeta dress, continued to walk near the rails.

Then came two steamy blasts. Martha clenched her fingers and leaned against a pillar. In a moment the snorting train thundered to a stop. Passengers stepped down from each car. One by one she scanned the faces of arrivals. Her lips were parted in an expectant smile. In a minute now . . . a minute. But the minute passed. The passengers had disappeared. The train was puffing for departure. The doors were being slammed shut. The 12.15 was pulling out.

Martha continued to lean against the pillar as the train disappeared around the bend. Her smile was gone. For a long moment she stood dazed, bewildered. Then she turned to go back to her lonely house. Her heart was lonely now, as well.

A whistle stopped her. It came from the end of the platform, where a small boy stood beside a large suitcase. The boy pulled his cap down over his ears, picked up the suitcase, and ran strugglingly to her. The loneliness welled up in her.

"Are you lost, little boy?" she said.

He grinned. "I'm never lost anywhere," he said.

"Are you looking for some one?"

"For you," he said.

She started. "For me?"

"Isn't your name Martha?" he asked.

"Why, yes, that's me," she said.

He grinned again. "I figured it was," he said. "Nobody else could be such a hunk of beautiful womanhood."

"Who are you?" Martha demanded.

He pursed his mouth mockingly and turned his profile to her. "Can't you tell by the family charm on my face?" he said. "I'm Dick, your grandson, and I've come to live with you. Dad told me to tell you I'm the little 'thing' he's been growing as a surprise for you. He couldn't come this time because the war can't get along without his personal attention. Are you glad to see me, granny?"

Martha tried to speak but couldn't.

"Steady, grandma," the little boy said. "Steady!"

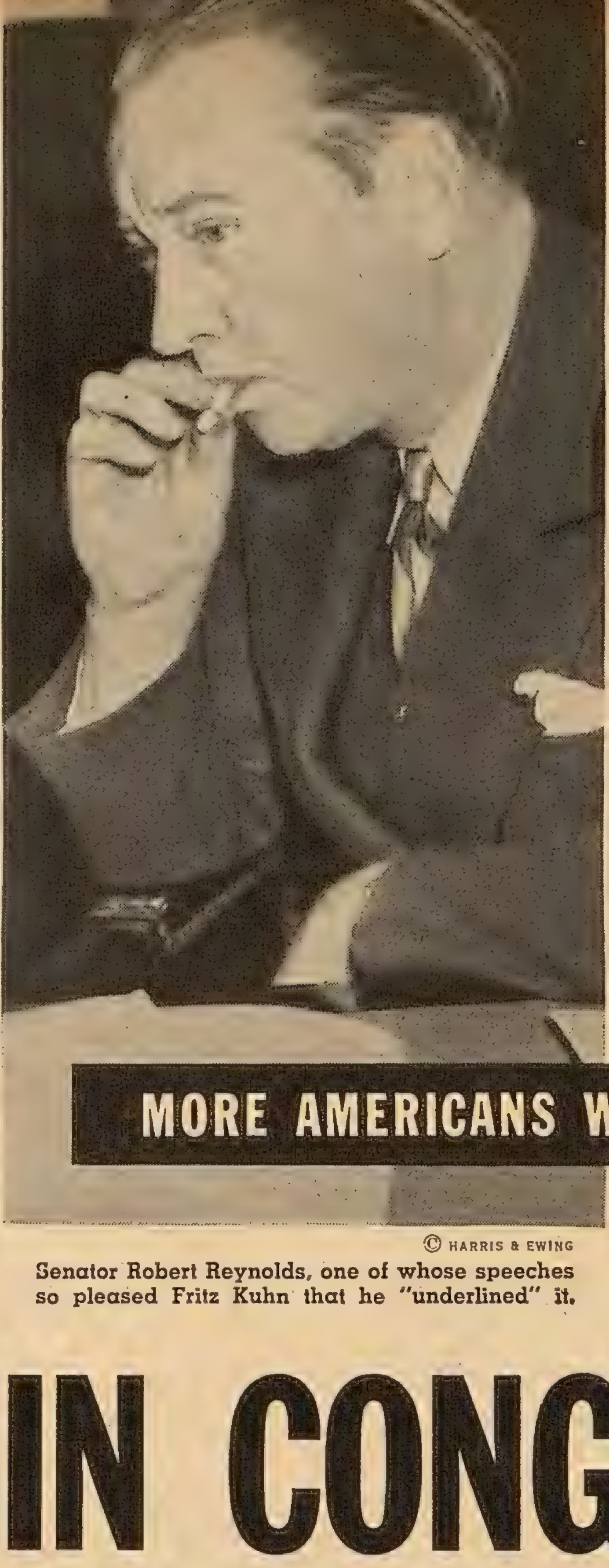
He stood up on his toes and kissed her on the mouth. And Martha caught him in her arms. Dick at last had come home to stay!

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1942; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

THE U.S.A.
FIRST, LAST
AND ALL
THE TIME

epresentative Hamilton Fish, who has "forgot-n" how he opposed the fortification of Guam.



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Senator Robert Reynolds, one of whose speeches so pleased Fritz Kuhn that he "underlined" it.

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Representative Clare E. Hoffman, isolation who suggested that the President be impeach

MORE AMERICANS WE CAN DO WITHOUT

EVEN IN CONGRESS

These are men who help make your laws and guide the nation at war . . These are vital facts about them. A noted reporter continues an all-out expose

BY WALTER WINCHELL

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

To his list of Americans we can do without, Walter Winchell in Liberty last week added Henry Douglas Allen, Pelley's West Coast worker; Gerald B. Winrod, Nazi publicity man; Colonel Edwin Emerson, Harry A. Jung, and Friedrich Auhagen. In each case the famous columnist gave his grounds for the listing. He also told the whole stories of Pelley's "inspirational" rise and Fritz Kuhn's downfall.

THE founding fathers of the United States conceived this nation as a bulwalk of democracy and freedom. The Constitution was written to provide maximum freedom for the greatest number of people. We have prided ourselves for more than one hundred and fifty years on the ability of our form of government to withstand any attack either from without or from within. We have deliberately permitted Americans to say anything they pleased about any one at any time.

However, neither the founding fathers nor any one else favored giving foreign agents the right to sabotage our way of life. As long as the opponents of our form of government worked on a solely American basis, we did nothing to stop them. We laughed or shrugged at crackpots and economic screwballs who denounced the democratic form of government.

But now the day has come when the opponents of this nation overseas have locked hands with America's enemies within to form a vicious alliance which may yet tear our nation away from the great traditions of Washington and Jefferson.

Few of us believed that the day would come when a paid Nazi agent, registered with the State Department, could use the Congress of the United States to spread seditious propaganda in behalf of the enemy. Yet that is exactly what has happened. There were not many of you who imagined we would live to see the day when members of the federal legislature would advocate trading with the enemy, or would take it for granted that we drop to our knees in fear just because of Goebbels' threats over

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Gerald P. Nye, not long ago the member of the Senate mentioned oftenest on the Axis radios.

the Berlin radio. Yet that is what happened.

In this article I will tell Liberty's readers about Americans We Can Do Without in Congress—yes, within the so-called sacred portals of the Congress of the United States.

The Nazis are a clever and dangerous enemy. They should never be underestimated. Further, they always have plenty of money for anything that will help Hitler's new order. Petty Nazi agents in the United States get paid miserable wages. You would be amazed to see how some of this scum grovels for the Nazi Führer for, comparatively, nothing but the privilege of serving him.

However, when it comes to the master propagandists and espionage agents, the price often runs into thousands of dollars. The Nazis reasoned long ago that any price would be cheap for using the Congress of the United States as one of their propaganda fountainheads. An American was hired by the Nazis to do this job. His name—George Sylvester Viereck—is already familiar to those who have read the previous articles in this series.

Congressman Hamilton Fish of New York was the focal point of the grand jury investigation which trapped Viereck. Congressman Fish and his connections with enemy agents were a great surprise to the American people when I first revealed them. But they were no surprise to those of us who had been watching them develop for years. Fish gives the impression of being a fearless patriot. He is tall, well built, a great back-slapping handshaker in his own congressional district, and a "medicine show" politician. He has been in office since the last war.

Congressman Fish is reputed to have a number of admirers in Berlin also. Fish was in Europe when the war broke out. He held a conference with Nazi Foreign Minister von Ribbentrop in Salzburg. Von Ribbentrop then loaned Fish a government plane with which to fly to the Inter-Parliamentary Union at Oslo, where he proposed what many considered another Munich on Danzig. The Associated Press, in a follow-up dispatch from Berlin on August 28, said: "Representative Fish said today that he believes Germany's claims are 'just.'"

FISH fought Germany courageously in the last war. The New York congressman led a battalion of Negro troops that won the plaudits of some of our highest military officials. Fish did not hate Germany after Hitler came to power. For example, he spoke at the German Day celebration in Madison Square Garden, New York, in October, 1938. After visiting Germany in 1939, he became noisy in opposing American rearmament for possible battle in a world which was already aflame. Yet—even today—Congressman Hamilton Fish tries to deny some of the role he helped play in keeping America from being thoroughly prepared when the Japanese struck at Pearl Harbor.

Recently Fish denied that he had opposed the fortification of Guam, vital American outpost in the Pacific. He said in a letter to the New York Times that "there never was a vote on fortifying Guam, because no government official ever recommended it. It was merely a dredging operation."

Apparently the congressman's memory is a bit weak. He apparently "forgot" how he opposed American preparedness at a time when the Japanese war machine was already preparing to tear America apart. When this reporter debunked his bunk, Fish charged he was being smeared. His own words will settle the matter to the satisfaction of the American people, I'm sure.

Fish stood up in the well of the House shouting against the proposal to fortify Guam. The packed galleries looked expectantly at the peculiar New Yorker as he raised his hand and asked for the floor. He was recognized by the Speaker. These are the congressman's words as recorded in the Congressional Record:

"Oh, you will hear all about this being a mere harbor-dredging operation. A harbor for what? For airplanes, not civilian but naval airplanes. For aggression, as an airplane base, it would be a dagger at the throat of Japan and an arrow aimed at the heart of Japan and its communications and its trade."

But Congressman Fish still denies that he knew that the five-million-dollar appropriation was for the fortification of Guam. That Congressional Record must be the reason for his recent insomnia. Apparently one other congressman wanted to pin Fish down on the record as to his understanding of the bill under consideration. Congressman Stefan asked Fish:

"The gentleman is opposed to the fortification of Guam, is he not?"

Mr. Fish: "Yes."

Mr. Stefan: "Does the gentleman believe that the $5,000,000 authorized in this bill is the beginning of the fortification of that island?"

Mr. Fish: "I am sure it is."

Do you remember that, congressman?

Early this year the federal grand jury, headed by William Power Maloney, in Washington summoned Fish's secretary, George Hill, to testify as to Fish's connections with Nazi agent George Sylvester Viereck.

Hill twisted and squirmed in the witness chair until he was caught telling a lie. Maloney swiftly haled him before a federal judge and cited him for perjury. After his conviction, Hill broke down and told his story to the government. This is the story in substance: Hill was introduced to Nazi agent Viereck by his employer, Congressman Hamilton Fish. Agent Viereck gave Hill several presents of cash to assure his collaboration.

THE scheme was briefly this: Hill—who had access to many government offices through his position—was to round up a group of congressmen's secretaries to secure franked mailing envelopes in which anti-British, pro-Nazi, and pro-Fascist speeches were to be sent out. A franked envelope is one which requires no postage. The franking privilege is extended to congressmen in order to expedite official business—not to use for establishing propaganda mills.

Hill soon induced a number of young fellows who worked for other congressmen to play along with him. He threw parties to which chorus girls were invited. He established contact with several pro-Nazi and anti-interventionist front organizations, like the Make Europe Pay Its War Debts Committee, and other groups subsequently shown to be mere tools for the enemy. The franked envelopes secured by Hill were then loaded with material which Viereck and the Nazis were anxious to see get the widest possible circulation—and it got it. Every small town, every big city was deluged under the propaganda sent out by Hill and his colleagues. Indeed, Nazi agent Viereck had done his work efficiently. Congressman Fish has steadfastly denied that he knew of what Hill and Viereck were doing.

Congressman Fish is up for re-election this fall. Remember these things, voters of his district, when you go to the polls!

Another congressman who did a similar job was Congressman Lewis D. Thill of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, who on March 11, 1940, placed in the Congressional Record a long report of Nazi army successes. The report was taken verbatim from a publication known as Facts in Review. For the information of the reader, Facts in Review was the official publication of the German Library of Information, which was thoroughly, wholly, and openly supported and paid for by the German Embassy in Washington!

Voters of Congressman Thill's district, keep all this in mind! Thill, too, is up for re-election.

HOWEVER, the prize package of them all was Congressman Jacob Thorkelson of Montana. Thorkelson in 1939 opened one of the most venomous anti-Semitic, pro-Nazi campaigns ever heard in Congress. He vigorously opposed American rearmament. He even read into the record an interview with Adolf Hitler in which the Nazi Führer denied that he had any territorial ambitions. The interview appeared on June 22, 1939. A few days later thousands of copies of the interview, reprinted from the Congressional Record, made their appearance in the mails under Thorkelson's frank.

Overnight Thorkelson became the hero of the Nazi fifth columnists. He was invited to speak in New York with Fritz Kuhn and George Deatherage, the head of the Knights of the White Camellia. Some of the leading enemies of America immediately touted him as a shining star. For example, William Dudley Pelley, the Silver Shirt leader, had this to say: "Thank God, a new star of patriotic inspiration is arising over the horizon of Capitol Hill in Washington."

Gerald B. Winrod, the "Jayhawk" Nazi, was no less enthusiastic, saying:

"Let Christians pray especially for Congressman Jacob Thorkelson. The hidden control is doing everything possible to interfere with the important public service which he is rendering."

Thorkelson bowed from the waist and returned the compliment with a speech in which he said: "Do not forget, it will require the same medicine to cure the United States that brought about cure in Germany."

Do not forget those words of Thorkelson's, voters! This fall he is running for the Senate from Montana.

Recently a congressman gave me quite a cue as to why some of his colleagues act the way they do. He said:

"I've asked some of them why they vote against the President so consistently. They frankly admit that they'd rather see Roosevelt licked than Hitler stopped."

The records of the Public Printer in Washington reveal that one of the so-called mothers' patriotic groups, Women United, which I have warned against over the air and in my column, obtained 138,000 copies of a reprint from the Congressional Record of isolationist testimony against the Lend-Lease Bill. The reprints were part of a batch of 227,500 ordered by Congressman Fish. This same organization mailed the reprints out under the frank of Congressman Oliver of Maine.

The upper chamber of the Congress is not without its super-patriotic rabble-rousers, either. Although the Senate is supposed to contain the "cream of America's legislative brains," this dignified and austere body has been used on many occasions as the sounding board of fifth columnists.

A survey made not long ago by the Federal Communications Commission in Washington revealed that Senator Nye was the most frequently mentioned senator on the Berlin and Rome radio. Another who has come in for a fair share of applause over the same outlet is Senator Reynolds of North Carolina, who is now chairman of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs and, as such, is in a very potent position. Every appropriation which our armed forces need to fight the enemy must pass through his hands.

Senator Reynolds started in North Carolina a "patriotic" organization known as the American Vindicators, which has been scurrilous in its attacks on minority groups. The Vindicators are looked upon with favor by members of the Christian Front, the German-American Bund, and the Silver Shirts. It was not without reason that Fritz Kuhn declared after one of Senator Reynolds' speeches:

"I like the speech very well. I underline everything he said."

Congressman Stephen A. Day of Illinois is another representative who has played dupe to the Nazis. Day has long been an inveterate isolationist and was militantly anti-British in the early part of his term in Congress. He has consistently accused President Roosevelt of threatening to abandon our democratic way of life. On June 15, 1941, he made a radio address in which he charged that Mr. Roosevelt planned to merge Congress with the British Parliament in an "Anglo-American Union," the leaders of which would be "Winston Churchill and Franklin Roosevelt."

DAY claimed that the response to his radio address was so tremendous that he had to write a book on the subject of our foreign policy and how it was going to seed. So, in August, 1941, the Flanders Hall Publishing Company brought out the volume entitled We Must Save the Republic, by Congressman Stephen A. Day of Illinois. Its cover was very "patriotic." Red, white, and blue labels were on the volume, together with other fancy trappings. It had this appeal on its cover page:

"Dear American: This book was inspired by the overwhelming response the author received from the American people for his brilliant, challenging radio address exposing 'Union Now' on June 15, 1941—which date is, incidentally, the day on which European nations are supposed to pay installments on the war debts they owe the United States."

Day neglected, however, to identify the publishers of his book. He could have learned who they were and whom they worked for by taking a thirty-cent cab ride to the State Department. There he could have found in the registered Foreign Agents files the names of the officials of the Nazi-controlled Flanders Hall Company. On April 9, 1941, Flanders Hall registered as a Nazi agent, listing as officers Sigfried Hauck, president; Mary Hauck, vice-president; and Adolf Hauck, secretary-treasurer.

The three officers of Flanders Hall also revealed in their registration that they were working for George Sylvester Viereck, who was likewise registered with the Department as a Nazi agent. Flanders Hall also admitted that it worked for the Nazi publishing house of Verlag Knorr and Hirth of Munich, Germany.

Viereck's trial in United States District Court revealed that the famed Nazi agent received $1,000 from the Nazi-controlled Make Europe Pay Its War Debts Committee to promote the sale of Day's book.

DESPITE this clear-cut record, Day is a candidate for re-election as representative at large from Illinois. William Dudley Pelley was pleased to write as follows in the August 11 issue of his magazine the Roll-Call:

"He [Congressman Day] takes his place on the patriotic honor roll along with Lindbergh, Nye, Wheeler, Thorkelson, and more. . . . Whether the revolting Seventy-seventh Congress will generate sufficient spunk and genuine patriotism to go down the line with him remains to be seen. . . . If the Congress really wants to go the whole hog on the revolt, here is its chance to prove whether it is composed of Christian patriots or Stalin-Roosevelt instruments—whether they love their country more than they love Jewish-controlled Russia, with Jewish-controlled Britain thrown in to boot."

Congressman Vito Marcantonio of the Twentieth District in New York City has also made quite a name for himself in Washington by his opposition to preparedness and all-out aid. Marcantonio abruptly switched his violently left-wing position immediately after the Nazi-Soviet war broke out. Prior to June 22, 1941, he had opposed every single lend-lease appropriation and many straight defense appropriations. Before Russia entered the war, Marcantonio took the "plague on both your houses" attitude toward the war and charged that there was a "Wall Street-Downing Street Axis" which was attempting to involve the United States in the conflict. However, after Germany attacked Russia, Marcantonio became a vigorous supporter of the administration. He is still head of a group called International Labor Defense, which has been branded a "Communist transmission belt" by the Dies Committee. *And, voters, he is up for re-election this fall!*

One of the most rabid anti-interventionists in Congress has been Senator C. Wayland "Curly" Brooks of Illinois. Brooks had a consistent record of voting against the administration and its foreign and domestic policies before Pearl Harbor. Brooks had denied any connection with subversive or super-patriotic groups. However, the very "patriotic" Senator "Curly" Brooks appeared and spoke on the same platform with the Imperial Grand Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan in August, 1941. The best proof we have of this is the word of the official organ of the Klan, the Fiery Cross:

"Sixty thousand attend meeting—Imperial Wizard speaks in Illinois—American campaign proves success. Forces of intolerance and darkness are defeated in battle with Ku Klux Klan. Rockford gathering sets new high with James A. Colescott [Imperial Grand Wizard] and Senator Brooks on program."

The article then went on to report: "With the newspapers placing the crowd at 60,000, Imperial Grand Wizard James A. Colescott carried the message of Americanism to Rockford, Illinois, in a great meeting held August 27. This was a record-breaking attendance for meetings addressed by the Klan leader in the present compaign to reach every part of the United States with the program of national unity sponsored by the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan.

"Accompanied by the Imperial Klokan Chief and the Grand Dragon of Illinois, the Imperial Wizard spoke at the Grange picnic held just outside the city of Rockford. On the program with the Klan leader was United States Senator Brooks of Illinois."

Senator Brooks may not have realized he was working with the Klan, but the Klan certainly did.

In 1933, Congressman Martin L. Sweeney of Ohio campaigned for the mayoralty of Cleveland under the slogan, "Put on Your Sweeney Bonnet with NRA Upon It." He boasted of being the "original Roosevelt man in Cleveland." Somewhere along the way Sweeney suffered a change of heart. As a member of Congress, he has become increasingly violent in his opposition to aid to the democracies that have been fighting overseas. For example, on March 20, 1940, Sweeney rose in the House to denounce James Cromwell, then United States Minister to Canada. Cromwell had very shrewdly warned in a speech that Germany "frankly and openly seeks to destroy the institutions and social and economic order on which the United States is founded." Sweeney's reply was swift. He advised Cromwell, in a speech to the House, to "get the hell out of this republic."

Among the isolationist activities in which Sweeney became ensnared was the Make Europe Pay Its War Debts Committee. Sweeney was vice-chairman of the Ohio chapter of the group, which was organized by the late Senator Lundeen. The treasurer of this committee was Prescott Dennitt, who also operated an outfit known as the Columbia Press Service. Viereck has been revealed to have been the leading light in this group.

Sweeney has frequently inserted in the Congressional Record statements which have voiced the Nazi philosophy of *Lebensraum.* For example, on August 13, 1940, he inserted an article by a Colonel Ashby Williams. Sweeney said in his introductory remarks that it would serve as an antidote for the "fog and hysteria created by the warmongers." The article read, in part, as follows:

"The single obstacle to the evolutionary process by which Germany and Italy would normally have acquired more land in order to support their people is imperial England with her far-flung possessions. . . . Nazism and Fascism are not ideologies, because there are no ideologies in government, but merely forms of political organizations. . . ."

Remember this, voters! Congressman Sweeney is up for re-election.

The records of other gentlemen in Congress do not look so good these days when exposed to fresh air. For example, Congressman Harold Knutson of Cross Lake, Minnesota, had this to say in a speech to Congress in March, 1941:

"I am wondering if some of this feeling displayed against Hitler at the other end of the avenue is not inspired by reason of the fact that Hitler has been crowding certain individuals from front-page notice in the newspapers."

Knutson was obviously aiming at the White House with that remark.

Congressman Knutson made the following gibes at the sacrifices needed and called for if victory is to be achieved. He said in a speech on March 23, 1942: "Will Americans graciously bow down to all the totalitarian decrees which will restrict their sugar, their motorcars, their oil, their apparel, their way of life, and their pocketbooks simply to satisfy the ambitions of those who understand victory to be the complete overthrow of their enemies?"

Will Americans of his district reelect him this fall?

A federal grand jury in Washington at this writing is busy probing the operations of Congressman Clare E. Hoffman of Michigan. Hoffman has been a potent labor baiter, a vicious anti-Roosevelt force, and even went so far as to suggest in June, 1941, that President Roosevelt be impeached. After opposing aid to our allies, he had the nerve, on January 27, 1942, to say: "The Commander in Chief, of course, got us into this thing, when he himself had failed to prepare to meet it, and here we are."

And there, voters, is Congressman Hoffman—up for re-election!

The immunity from prosecution which congressional election means is well known to many of the fifth-column propagandists. Thus, in a congressional election year there are a number of other rabble-rousers around the country who are hoping to crash through to a seat in the House or Senate this year. Remember these things when you cast your votes.

Look in next week's issue of Liberty for the final article of the amazing series, Americans We Can Do Without. Walter Winchell will tell in this article of the seditionists and plotters, many of whom are now attempting to enter Congress to cover their own un-American operations.

© HARRIS & EWING

presentative Thorkelson, whom Pelley mis-
lled a "new star of patriotic inspiration."

George Hill, "Ham" Fish's secretary, rounded up many, many franked envelopes for Viereck.

George Sylvester Viereck relaxing for a mor
from his avowed labors in the cause of Hi

Bill Atwood slides into the bag as the ball whangs into the glove worn by Ann Corio, beautiful owner of the Hartford Giant Red Sox.

BEAUTY AND THE BALL PLAYERS

BY BILL STERN

Sports Director of National Broadcasting Company

Striptease to diamonds!—Or, how Ann Corio made a girlhood dream come true

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

THIS is the story of a girl who became famous by taking off her clothes and yet used this fame to buy clothes for others. Sounds screwy? Let me explain.

This is the story of Ann Corio, ex of the striptease, who now owns a baseball team. She ranks—with such devotees as Ethel Barrymore and Tallulah Bankhead—as one of baseball's most rabid fans.

Ann Corio, born in Hartford, Connecticut, was the eleventh of twelve children. She was a tomboy, addicted to baseball, football, and tree-climbing. At fourteen she was a good enough baseball player to crash a boys' team in Hartford—its only female member. It wasn't a bad team, either, winning sixteen games straight with Ann's enthusiastic help. Ann lost them their seventeenth. It seems the pitcher on the opposing nine developed a crush on the dark-haired little girl, and she reciprocated to the extent of striking out in the ninth inning with the bases full.

At fifteen, stage-struck, Ann ran away from home. Later, hungry, she ran back. When, still later, she crashed burlesque and became by all odds its most beautiful striptease artist, her mother, still apprehensive, regularly sent Ann packages of food. Ann dutifully and gratefully acknowledged them—though she was at the time earning more than $500 a week.

Ann had been in burlesque two years before word trickled back to Mother Corio that her daughter was taking her clothes off in public. Mrs. Corio wrote a pretty severe letter about it. Ann, playing in Detroit, invited her mother to come and watch the act herself. A grim Mother Corio did—from the front row.

Afterward she came backstage, put her arms around her daughter, and said, "It's not what I would have wished, Ann, but you're a good girl and I know you'll never do wrong."

Ann didn't, either. The stage-door wolves got brusque brush-offs from the gal from Hartford. A bewildered Chicago jeweler is still holding an eight-carat diamond purchased by a man he'd never seen before who sent it to Ann without enclosing a card. Ann promptly returned it to the jeweler whose name was on the box.

Ann Corio is respected by the people of the theater as one of its genuinely nice persons.

Last summer, when Ann starred in White Cargo in Cambridge, Massachusetts, the cream of Boston and Cambridge society packed the theater to see the little Connecticut girl who was born on the wrong side of the railroad tracks.

For the human side of sports, tune in Bill Stern's Sports Newsreel of the Air each Saturday night on NBC.

It was that night in Cambridge, with all of society's blue bloods out front, that one of the funniest experiences in Ann's career occurred. Bert Lahr, an old friend, brought Beatrice Lillie backstage to meet Ann after the performance was over. As you may or may not know, Beatrice Lillie's official English title is Lady Peel, and it was Bert Lahr's introduction that brought Ann back to earth. He said, "Lady Peel, meet Lady Peel!"

Ann comes by her enthusiasm for sports honestly. Today she plays a good game of tennis, shoots golf in the low nineties, rides horseback at least three times a week, and, when she is in New York City and can find time, roots her pretty head off behind third-base line at the Polo Grounds for her beloved New York Giants.

WHEN Ann in her burlesque days was playing the Gaiety Theater in New York, she noticed that several other Manhattan theaters—the Roxy, Radio City Music Hall, and the Center Theater—had baseball teams. Ann began talent-scouting the Gaiety, came up with two ushers, one ticket taker, a porter, and five stagehands who said they could play baseball.

She bought uniforms—on which the name "Gaiety" was to appear—and went out, on opening day, to see the Gaietys beat the Roxys. It didn't work out that way. To begin with, her loyal players wore uniforms on the back of which huge letters spelled not "Gaiety" but "Ann Corio." And the Roxys beat the Ann Corios 22 to 1.

Ann finally got her baseball team last summer—the Hartford Giant Red Sox. It happened this way:

Ann was visiting her family in Hartford. During a meal, fifteen-year-old Joe Mascolo, her nephew, was seated next to Ann. He fidgeted. He squirmed. And he kept saying, "Now, mom? Now?"

"No, Joe. Not yet."

Ann Corio kept her curiosity in check until, the meal over, Joe's mother said, "Now, Joe!"

Joe rose and faced Ann. He was very nervous. He talked fast but with great determination.

The gist of it—all very formal and businesslike and obviously rehearsed—was that he, Joe, was spokesman for a kids' baseball team, and that, to obtain uniforms, bats, and gloves, punchboard chances were on sale at five cents each to fortunate sponsors whose financial circumstances had been carefully appraised in advance. He told Ann that the team had held a meeting that morning and after due deliberation had decided that:

". . . because of your present financial independence, you should take five chances. Therefore you will give me a quarter and I will report back to the team."

"Who wrote that speech, Joe?" asked the amazed Ann.

"The whole team wrote it, but it took me five days to learn it. How did I do?"

"Fine," said Ann. "Fine. Now tell me more about this baseball team."

That's how Ann Corio bought herself a ball club.

She told Joe to call a meeting of the boys—who ranged from eleven to sixteen—so she could talk to them.

"If you fellows are really serious about this," Ann told them, "I'll help you all I can."

It was arranged that they were to meet the following morning in the local sporting-goods store. A committee of the boys was to investigate prices of equipment and uniforms.

Ann arrived at the store to find all the boys there ahead of her. They were having a fine time. They were swinging bats, banging their fists into catchers' gloves, trying on uniforms—and charging everything to Ann.

"Wait a minute," Ann told the store manager. "Let's get these kids together for a little talk."

In the "little talk" Ann made the boys promise to buy only what they needed—no more. Even at that, the total bill came to more than $250.

While the boys made their selections, Ann got out pen and paper and began to write. When they had finished buying, she spoke to them again:

"Look, fellows," she said. "If we do this, we're going to do it right. Every big-league baseball player signs a contract. Well, you boys are going to have to sign a contract, too. I'll read it to you. Here's what it says:

"'I, Ann Corio, do hereby promise to buy, pay for, and give each member whose name appears below a baseball uniform and all necessary equipment for playing the game of baseball, in return for which I ask that each boy signing his name promise me that he will, to the best of his ability, repay the United States government by buying War Stamps to the total amount I have expended on his equipment, each boy to present to me his book of stamps once every three months to show me the progress he is making; each boy, when he has paid his share in full, to be given this book of stamps to keep. Signed, ANN CORIO.'"

And below were places for the signatures of the nine boys.

THUS was signed one of the most unique baseball contracts of present times. As this is written, seven of the nine boys are paid up in full; one has but two more dollars to go; the ninth is more than half paid up. There have been a lot of newspapers sold and odd jobs performed in Hartford by Ann Corio's boys.

Ann's team lost its first game. The members were so proud of their spotless white uniforms that they didn't slide into a single base all afternoon.

They call themselves the Hartford Giant Red Sox. Originally the Hartford Red Sox, the "Giant" was added as a generous concession to Ann's devotion to the New York Giants.

Ann is deadly serious about her ball club. She claims that two of the boys are potential big-leaguers and she's as persistent as the worst stage-door Johnny that ever haunted her in her efforts to wheedle Leo Durocher, Mel Ott, and Joe McCarthy, managers of the three New York teams, to go to Hartford to watch her boys play. She dreams of the day when one of them will be with the New York Giants.

It may not be a wild dream, either. As this is written, Ann's team has dropped only its first game, has won twenty-seven straight since then without a loss.

Ann attends all the games she can. She even takes a turn at bat—or goes out in the field and shags flies.

"I play every position with them, but they won't," she adds wistfully, "let me umpire."

I asked Joe Mascolo how about this. He admitted it. The boys won't let her umpire. But he had a pretty good explanation.

"Look," he said. "Suppose we let her umpire and she calls a close one and somebody on the other team makes a remark about our Annie. See? Why, if any guy ever did that, nine guys would punch his head off. So we think she'd better not umpire."

THE END

"I play every position with the team," says Ann, "but they won't let me umpire."

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

OUT here on a small and barren island in the North Pacific we still manage to read your page every week, come rain, come Japs. What we want to know is: What can we do to help some of those poor fellows back in the States—we mean, like those who complain that there aren't enough movie stars to go round? (Joe E. Brown flew out to spend a few days with us and we all had one hell of a good time.) It's been about a year now since we left home, and our only regret is there aren't enough Japs for good target practice. We do have some time in between rains and raids, so if the boys back there need help just let us know. (They should go on iron rations for a month and sleep in the mud.) We enjoy seeing a movie that we saw years ago; we don't have any dates (the fish are too cold); but those big moments when the mail comes in!

Cpl. M. P. S., A. P. O. #937.

Much obliged for the news and views from your sector, Corporal. Don't rub it in to the men back here—they'd all rather be seeing action where you are than seeing stars where they are.

* * *

Can you tell me what becomes of the pay of captured soldiers? Will it accumulate and be paid after their release or will it be sent to their families? If it is impossible for the boys to receive their money, it would be a great help to their families in paying insurance and taxes or to buy war bonds.

Wife of a Bataan Soldier,
Warren, Ohio.

Known prisoners of war will receive whatever pay is due them upon their release and return to the custody of the United States. If there were any way of paying moneys to the dependents of prisoners of war it would prove a godsend to all concerned, but this cannot be done, since the Finance Department can pay only on the basis of signed and completed pay rolls.

During my fourteen years of service, the larger part abroad, I have run into service men of a number of nationalities. *Our* men, whether Army, Navy, or Marine Corps, always stood above the others. Morale seemed higher—every man had the opportunity for advancement and really worked for it. But now, in the matter of "cash aid for soldier's kin" in the dependency law, the legislators have overlooked one thing. Let's look at figures. Let's consider the case of a married man with one child.

Under that law, a noncommissioned officer of the third grade (staff sergeant) with a monthly base pay of $96 gets no contribution from the government for his dependents; but for a "buck" sergeant (fourth grade) with a base pay of $78 the government chips in $28 for his wife, plus $12 for a child, making $118.

Does it look good? Frankly, it will pay to "take a bust." Too, one way of "giving the works" to a man will be to promote him. What is wrong with a man who has worked, studied, and done his best to advance?

Doesn't he rate a break, too? Must his family be deprived because he earned his promotion?

S/Sgt. V. B. V., U. S. Marine Corps.

They say figures don't lie, sergeant, and you've made out a pretty good case. But how about that little matter of allowances for quarters and/or subsistence to which *only* enlisted men of the first three grades are entitled? Doesn't that even it up?

* * *

There is a rumor that if a draftee appears at camp with a radio or camera he will immediately be court-martialed, shot, quartered, and cremated. Seriously, will you give us the low-down?

W. H. C., Birmingham, Ala.

At ease, dog-face-to-be. The War Department does not generally prohibit the possession or use of cameras and radios. Of course, there may be local regulations issued by the Commanding Officer of the post as regards restricted photo areas and subjects—fortifications, equipment, transport, etc.—but there are plenty of harmless snaps to be taken. And radios *can* be a public menace if they interfere with the rights of other soldiers. You'll learn.

* * *

Well, Sarge, here's that old K. P. problem again. We're not afraid to work and there are a lot worse things than K. P.; but we're going to school, and the loss of a day may mean the failure of a week's exam—when we miss a day at school we really miss plenty. My idea is to use conscientious objectors as permanent K. P.s. What do you think of it?

Pvt. R. S. S., Savanna, Ill.

Frankly, not much. That idea is too obvious not to have occurred to the Army heads, and if the conchies are not being used for that sort of service you can be sure there's a good reason why.

* * *

There are several thousand just like me. We're too modest to have Uncle Sam buy our unmentionables for us, and our bank rolls diminish as one pair of stockings after another run-n-n-ns. Of course I'm jealous of the W. A. A. C.s and the way they're outfitted, but I would like to know if my defense stamps and bonds are buying girdles and panties or bombs and bullets. (Censored by Sour Grapes and the Regular Army Spirit.)

2d Lt., Bothered and Bewildered
Army Nurse Corps.

Lieutenant, when I read the list of G. I. clothing the W. A. A. C.s are getting I blushed all over for the poor supply sergeants who have to handle it. The Army has certainly changed since I was a buck, but I'll bet the gals do O. K.

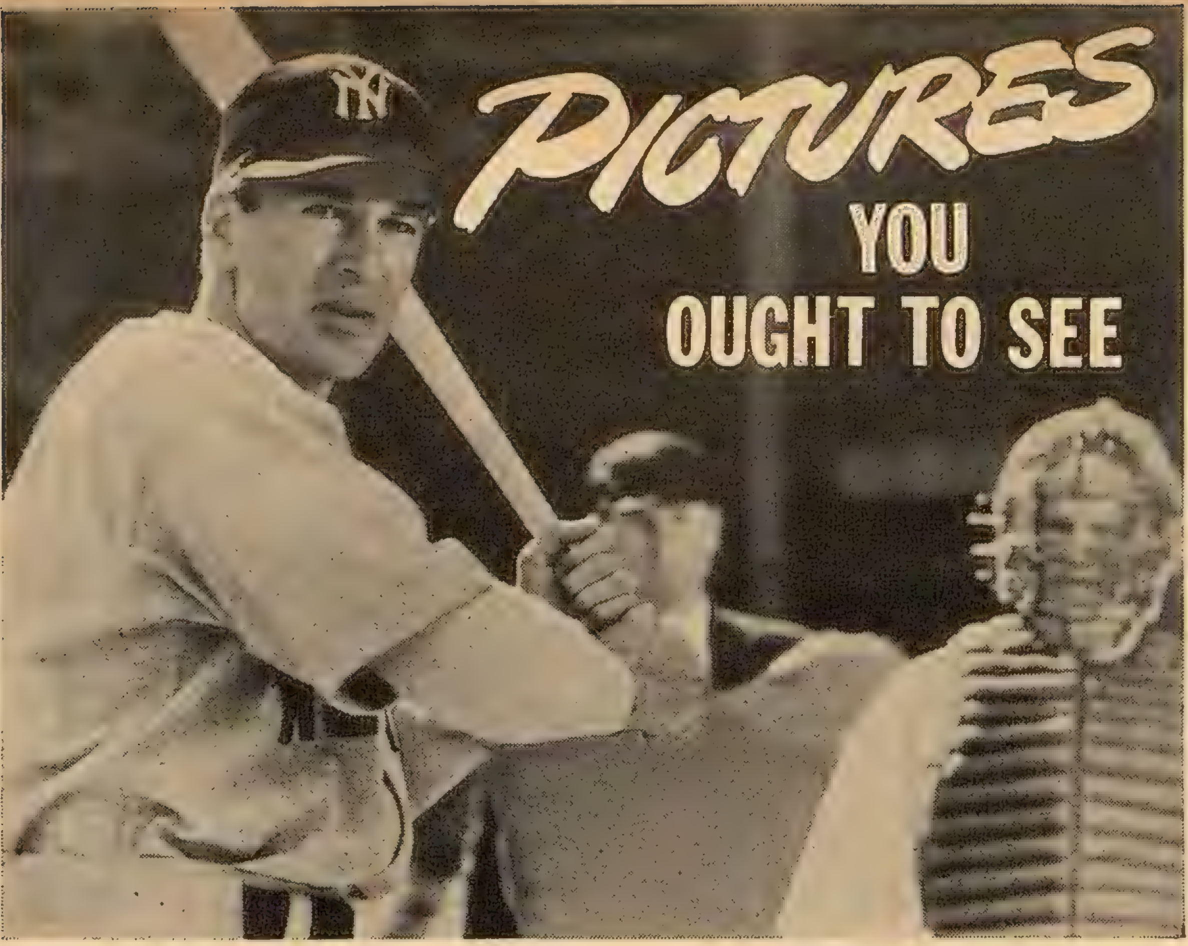
* * *

"I have a pain in my abdomen," said the rookie to the Army doctor.

"Young man," said the doctor, "officers have abdomens; sergeants have stomachs; you have a bellyache."

This department of Liberty is for the men of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42 St., New York.

PICTURES YOU OUGHT TO SEE



Gary Cooper hits a high spot in acting as Lou Gehrig in The Pride of the Yankees.

BY HOWARD BARNES

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ ★ THE PRIDE OF THE YANKEES
(for memorable movie-making)

WHEN a grown-up man finds himself wiping his eyes at a show, it means that something has happened on the screen. Something happens in The Pride of the Yankees. Not for a long time have I seen a movie which has the power to shake you up emotionally as does this simple biography of a baseball player. Out of the melting pot, a great national sport, and the simple human beings you expect to meet and rarely do on the screen, a memorable picture has been wrought.

The film celebrates the career of one Lou Gehrig. He was a second-generation American who might have been a second-rate engineer but followed a sure instinct to become the heroic Iron Man of a curious Yankee game played with a hickory stick and an apple. It celebrates his career with remarkable fidelity. There are no fancy trimmings, whether Lou is being shown as an undergraduate at Columbia or as the ultimate sucker who falls for a cheap rib in a railroad car taking the fabulous Yankees from one scene of victory to another.

In this instance I wouldn't try to tell you what magic has been distilled to make a triumphant screen drama. Some core of the American dream is there, in the adaptation of the material and the staging. It comes through with a wallop in the acting of Gary Cooper, who plays Lou Gehrig, and Teresa Wright, who is headed for sure stardom after her portrayal of Mrs. Gehrig. The production itself never falters in its contemplation of a big-league star who mirrored the present surge of courage in facing certain death resolutely and even gratefully.

That last speech of a stricken athlete, as Gary Cooper walks out of the shadows of the entrance to the Yankee dugout and captures the indomitable spirit of Gehrig in a few simple words, is something to give one enormous faith in our particular way of life. Throughout the film, though, there are passages which will touch the heart of every spectator, whether he is a baseball fan or not.

Most of us know the story of Lou Gehrig so well that it seems superfluous to give a synopsis of the production. He was a little guy from the Bronx who had a beautiful batting eye. His nice mother, with a guttural accent, decided to make him emulate Uncle Otto's dubious fame as an engineer, but he had a passion for the all-American pastime and left Columbia to become the great star of the Yankees. Baseball may have been his grand passion, but he was quite a fellow in any case.

The Pride of the Yankees has revealed a simple American character with no flourishes but enormous power. The show does not depend on the fact that the Iron Man who had played more than 2,000 games for the greatest baseball team of its period was knocked over by a curious and fatal disease at the height of his career. It is more concerned with showing a great and simple man taking on every eventuality of human experience with supreme nerve and sense of humor.

No one but Cooper could have played Gehrig. No one but he could have given the show the indomitable and sustained emotional tension that makes it one of the really great photoplays. You may remember that he

(Continued on page 34)

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

The minutes of the last meeting, read and approved, placed "Mrs. Miniver" right up there on all ten-best film lists of all-time. Now we can get on to present and future business.

Clark Gable (Honky) and Lana Turner (Tonk) ignite again in "Somewhere I'll Find You".

"Tish", based on the popular stories by Mary Roberts Rinehart, dusts off the mantle of Marie Dressler and tenders it to Marjorie Main, who plays the title role.

The inimitable Mickey Rooney becomes "A Yank at Eton" and the role becomes Mickey Rooney.

Judy Garland's out-and-out starring vehicle is one of the out-and-outstanding entertainments on the horizon. "For Me and My Gal".

"Red" Skelton and Ann Sothern are in "Panama Hattie". You'll see Red—and Ann.

"Random Harvest", the James Hilton best-seller, is in the able hands of Director LeRoy and stars Ronald Colman and Mrs. Miniver Garson.

"Seven Sweethearts" brings prominently to the fore those up and coming artists, Kathryn Grayson, Van Heflin and Marsha Hunt.

★ ★ ★ ★

This completes the agenda for pictures current and in the immediate making at M-G-M, whose promise of great motion picture entertainment has always been fulfilled.

★ ★ ★ ★

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—Leo

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—also kills Lice and Ticks
25¢ AND 50¢

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour 2 pints of bile juice into your bowels every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Then gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.

ATHLETE'S FOOT

Stop It Quick With Dr. Scholl's

Look between your toes tonight. If they itch, or if the skin is raw, cracked, peeling, or covered with tiny blisters—watch out—it may be Athlete's Foot. Get Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX at once. Relieves intense itching; kills fungi it contacts; helps prevent spreading. Liquid or Ointment. Only 50¢ at Drug, Shoe and Department Stores.

Dr Scholl's SOLVEX

(Continued from page 33)

did something of the same sort in Sergeant York. When simplicity, honesty, and what, to be repetitious, can only be called the American spirit are in order, he is the man for the role.

His portrayal of Gehrig is convincing without ever being sentimental. Miss Wright is not far behind him, though, in making you reach for your handkerchief. As Mrs. Gehrig, she is radiantly right in every sequence. When Gehrig faces certain death, tries to keep the fact from her, and she shares that ultimate agony with him, the offering has all the proportions of heroic tragedy.

Sam Wood, in his staging, deserves great credit for a simple treatment of a simple and universal tale. So do Jo Swerling, Herman J. Mankiewicz, and Paul Gallico, who prepared a shooting script for Wood. So do the supporting players, from Walter Brennan as the sports writer who had faith in the rookie to Babe Ruth, who plays magnificently straight as himself; and every one else who had a part in a terrific entertainment and a moving reminder of actions, reactions, and deep feelings that make the U. S. A. what it is.

(Samuel Goldwyn. RKO Pictures.)

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST THREE MONTHS

★★★★—Mrs. Miniver, Yankee Doodle Dandy, Tortilla Flat, Saboteur.

★★★—The Magnificent Ambersons, The Foreman Went to France, Crossroads, Across the Pacific, The Gay Sisters, Eagle Squadron, Holiday Inn, Broadway, Ten Gentlemen from West Point, Take a Letter, Darling, My Favorite Spy, Miss Annie Rooney, This Above All, This Gun for Hire, Syncopation, My Gal Sal, Juke Girl, Moontide, Ship Ahoy, The Spoilers, Twin Beds.

☆ LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP ☆

by Donald Gordon

TINSLEY'S BONES, by Percival Wilde.

Probably they didn't plan it that way, but this yarn is published right on the heels of James Gould Cozzens' *The Just and the Unjust*, reported in this space a week ago. Both novels deal with the people of Connecticut small towns who find themselves with hands full of homicide. But there's a great difference between them. This one's just for fun.

In Connecticut, as in most other states, the office of coroner has not given way to the more modern practice in which a medical examiner's findings determine official attitude in cases of sudden death. And it is required that the coroner preside over a jury of citizens who hear witnesses and deliver a verdict which either closes the case as not criminal or keeps it open for further police investigation. It is the sessions of the coroner's inquest, the official record, that tell the story and distinguish this author's humor-dashed mysteries from all others.

Coroner Lee Slocum is a Republican luminary who wouldn't let a Democratic voter have a chance at a jury fee. He himself is remunerated according to the volume of testimony, at twenty-five cents per folio, and the stenographer, his daughter, cashes in at half that rate. So garrulous witnesses are not only tolerated but welcomed with delight. The present matter in hand, the case of the prolific pulp-magazine author who was thoroughly incinerated in the remote house recently purchased outside town, provides a procession of corkers.

As a baffler, this shows a flaw or two upon which confirmed whodunit addicts will be quick to pounce, but the mystery is a minor element of the entertainment. Coroner Lee is a lulu. (Random House, Inc.)

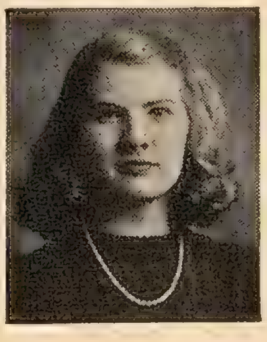
QUIZ KIDS OF THE MONTH

LIBERTY is happy to honor the first boy and girl to be chosen Quiz Kid Boy and Girl of the Month on the basis of their contribution to the nation's war effort. Every month the Quiz Kids, popular radio program, will choose another pair, announcing their names over the air on the first Sunday in the month. Liberty will print their pictures and the story of what they are doing. Each boy and girl selected receives from the Quiz Kids a portable radio, a certificate making him an honorary Quiz Kid, and a gold-plated Quiz Kid key.

Fourteen-year-old Fred Starr of St. Louis, Missouri, says his favorite diversions, football, baseball, and reading, are out for the duration. His time is taken up with the defense effort.

Fred walks from five to ten miles a day, working without pay as a messenger boy for the St. Louis Office of Civilian Defense. He puts in time at home, too, on some special projects. One of these is a bean-bag board which he invented, built, and presented to the U.S.O. downtown headquarters. It proved so popular that he manufactured several others. (His plans are available for the asking to any other boys who want to make boards.) He has made ash trays, too, for U.S.O. rooms, built writing tables for soldiers in his manual-training course this spring, also five stretchers to Red Cross specifications.

On his days off from his messenger job, he works in the U.S.O. checkroom, sells at the canteen, sometimes runs the elevator. Most of his U.S.O. work is done in connection with his Boy Scout troop—Troop 28.



Jean Hammond, sixteen, of Loveland, a small city near Denver, Colorado, was one of two Loveland high-school students recently named as civilian "heroes-of-the-week" by Governor Ralph L. Carr of Colorado.

Jean is leader of a group of eight girls who are helping with farm work to further the defense effort. They are doing their bit in the sugar-beet fields, and when that job is over, they are looking forward to cherry-picking time. They are all eager to show what they can do.

"The boys can take it," Jean says. "They have been working hard, week after week. Compared to them, we haven't done anything. But we're not through yet."

Jean and her co-workers receive wages based on the amount of work each does. She averages about $2.50 a day, and puts all of it into defense stamps and bonds.

She will go into her senior year at high school this fall, and expects to spend most of her time after classes in civilian defense work.

TO THE LADIES

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 8 SECONDS

STRANGE to say, there is a mental link between a lady buying a new hat and a lady learning how to spot enemy airplanes. In both instances they concentrate so hard that judgment slips when they get tired or bored. "Ten years as a merchandise consultant in the millinery business," says Captain Jacqueline Gutwillig, "taught me you can't sell the right hat to a woman after she's seen too many. Now I apply that principle to my training of women as warplane watchers. I halt the lesson at the first sign of fatigue. An unbecoming hat used to seem serious; a mistake about enemy planes could bring real tragedy." . . . I report this talk with Jacqueline Gutwillig because I think it shows how intelligently our service women have turned their peacetime experience to wartime advantage. Captain Jacqueline is an ace instructor in the Auxiliary Aircraft Warning Service, Women's Division. Her husband's a flying captain. She's now at a W. A. A. C. school, preparing to be an army officer herself. . . . Midnight to 8 A. M., she told me, is the time when society girls and actresses do their aircraft spotting, since they can sleep by day. A few of them are: Sonia Stokowski, daughter of the music maestro; Dorothy de Milhau, Stork Club publicity gal; Elaine King of the stage; and Elaine Perry, daughter of theatrical director Antoinette Perry. . . . Many business women now go to bed at seven each evening, and get up at 2 A. M. to scan the skies until it's time for their office or store. Means complete reorganization of their lives, but they do it gladly. . . . One Southern girl had trouble reading maps in New York. "*North* doesn't look the same up here," she said, "as it looked back home."

NEW on the gift market: miniature garden tray of attractive pottery from Peru, divided into compartments like a blue-plate dinner, so you can have six different plants farmed out in it. Costs $2.75. . . . Another novelty: printed measuring chart that provides a permanent record of your child's growth. $1.25. . . . Handsome new wall material for homes or shops: sculptured plastic Decor-Tex, resembling Renaissance plasterwork, Charles of the Ritz first to use it for showroom glamourizing.

ENGAGED to a United States Army man who came here as a boy from wild and woolly Montenegro, a Chicago girl was surprised to have four of his men friends attach themselves to her as soon as he left for camp. They escort her everywhere. To begin with, she thought they were all in love with her, but they vanished with smiles when her soldier turned up on leave. "What is this, anyway?" she demanded. "Montenegro custom," he answered. "They are my friends. They will guard you for me while I am away." And, whether she likes it or not, that's what they do. She *can't* shake 'em.

A BRIDE GOES WEST, a new book by Nannie T. Alderson and Helena Huntington Smith, revives a Kansas-Montana marriage adventure of sixty years ago. Enjoyable reading for brides of today. (Published by Farrar & Rinehart. $2.50.)

I'VE heard a number of young ladies utter cries of unidentified emotion as they read newspaper accounts of the way our troops are being expertly instructed in the roughest, toughest methods of hand-to-hand combat. "Jujitsu and all that strangle-hold stuff!" I heard one wide-eyed deb exclaim. "Heavens, how are we ever going to manage them when they get back?"

Couldn't tell if she felt frightened, or what.

GREAT chefs don't tell us that their famous sauces make the meat go further, but it's a fact. Good sauces are economical, particularly for party dishes. Here's a swell inexpensive recipe for *Smoked Tongue with Bohemian Sauce*. Serves eight: . . . Boil a smoked beef tongue and save the broth. Remove the skin and slice the tongue. Now make walnut-size meat balls, using ½ pound finely ground beef, 1 cup fresh bread crumbs moistened with a little milk, 1 egg, ½ teaspoon ground allspice. Bring to boil 4 cups broth in which tongue was cooked. Cook meat balls 5 minutes in this broth. Take meat balls out. To make broth into sauce, thicken with butter and browned flour; add ½ cup crumbled gingersnaps, 3 slices lemon, 2 tablespoons raisins, dash of pepper. Simmer 10 minutes, then put in sliced tongue and meat balls, and serve piping hot. Fluffy mashed potatoes on the side.

PROOF again of our deep Delilah instinct: . . . Many pages ago I wrote a piece about wives cutting their husbands' hair, and received dozens of letters from women who said they considered it fun as well as a money saver. Now the United Press tells us Hartford, Connecticut, is having a wartime wave of feminine apprentices to the barber's trade.

HERE COM
FLYING

PART IV

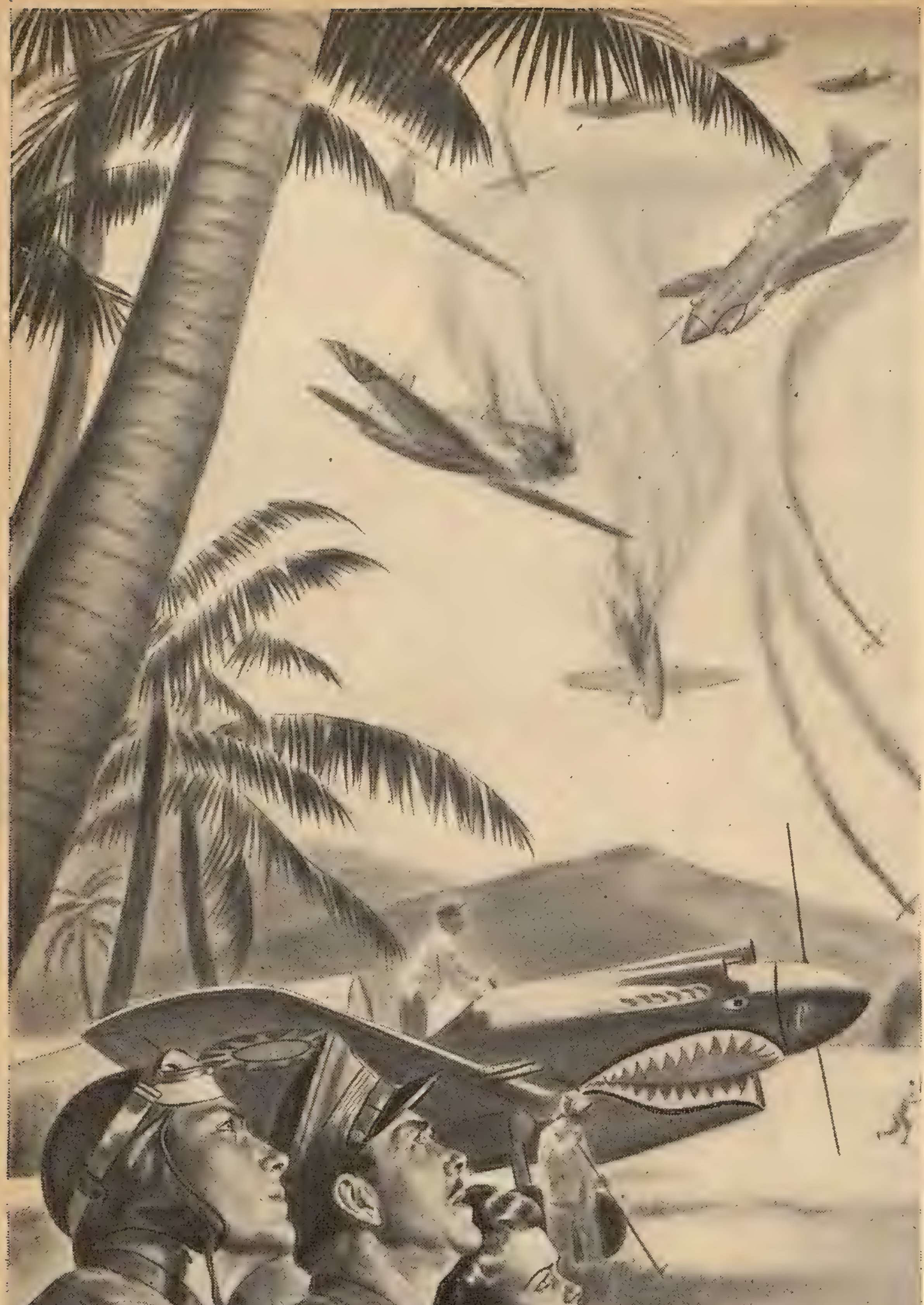
ESCAPE FROM RANGOON

Concluding a flaming epic of the war—The thrilling true story of the A.V.G.

BY WALTER PENTECOST

as told to ALAN HYND

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 50 SECONDS



It was only a few minutes until a flaming ship was zooming almost everywhere.

CHENNAULT was almost mobbed when he asked for volunteers to go to Africa. Paul Greene, Chuck Older, and Bob Smith—three high scorers—were among the ten who lit out for Africa by way of India. Squadron Leaders "Olger" Olsen, Scarsdale Jack Newkirk, and Bob Neale, who remained behind to take charge of the fighting while the Old Man went back up to China to pull some more supply wires, decided to make the remaining good P-40s do triple duty. We still had about seventy-five pilots, or about two for every flyable ship, and there was a great deal of good-natured squabbling between Older and Jack and Bob and the boys who were now practically waiting in line to get a crack at the Nips.

I had gone up to China to help in fixing up some new secret bases for the American Volunteers, and when I got back, Rangoon was falling. Practically the whole town was in flames, and the spearhead ground Japs were having a field day looting shops and attacking women. Strangely enough, though, Mr. Moto wasn't sending over as many planes as we had looked for. We learned later that Chinese Intelligence agents, operating on their own, had spread the untrue story in Thailand that the A. V. G. boys had just gotten a huge shipment of planes and supplies by way of India, and were only waiting for the Nips to show up in large numbers!

Freddie Hodges' girl friend, Helen Anderson, and a few others of our white friends were temporarily safe at the airfield. We had figured on sending them up the Burma Road in trucks, but the Japs had broken through the Road up around Lashio.

HE TIGERS!

Now it would be necessary to take another route to China by way of the Prome oil-field district, off to the west of where the Japs were pressing.

Some of the things the Japs were doing in Rangoon made our blood boil. The Tigers decided to do what they could, some of them at least, on their off time. They took machine guns, pistols, rifles, and everything else in the way of firearms that they could lay their hands on, and stalked the streets of the doomed city, hunting for Japs. They found some right out in the open, and let them have it, dropping them in their filthy tracks. Others they had to seek out inside buildings still standing. How many they got will never be known. Those days when Rangoon was falling are days that even the Tigers don't ever want to think about.

Well, the boys began arriving back from Africa. They had new ships, tires, batteries, and parts, and things began to look up, for there was more of the same where this stuff had come from. But it came just in the nick of time, and not too much of it by a long shot. Our strength was no sooner doubled than the Japs quadrupled theirs. Apparently they were sore at themselves for having fallen for the Chinese agents' story about our greatly increased strength.

They came over from Tavoy, down in Lower Burma, about 200 strong. We were still none too long on rubber or ammunition, and we had to pull our punches some. It started out as a bad day for the Vols. They got shot up pretty badly and they had no place to land, for the Nips made the Rangoon airfield look like so many freshly plowed acres. Crippled ships had to remain in the air, with some of the pilots all out of ammunition, while the ground crews scurried out and worked like beavers amid falling bombs, trying to get the field in sufficient temporary shape for pancake landings.

The grounded boys stood around cursing. A little knot of them got together. The General had an ironclad rule about a man not going up on his alternate day off. The Old Man figured that would maintain a pilot's fighting edge as nothing else would. But these boys—half a dozen of them—started talking among themselves and looking in the direction of some of the less badly shot-up ships still undergoing repairs. One of the squadron leaders saw what was coming. He bit his lip and looked the other way.

The rule-breakers made a dash for the ships, stepped on the starters, and went out cold. How they even got off the ground, in the condition it was in, I'll never know. But they were soon up there. They figured, to hell with rubber and bullets—and with themselves. They pulled every trick out of the bag, every dodge the Old Man had ever taught them. Sure, they'd catch hell for what they were doing, but it would be worth it. It would even be worth getting cashiered out of the Group.

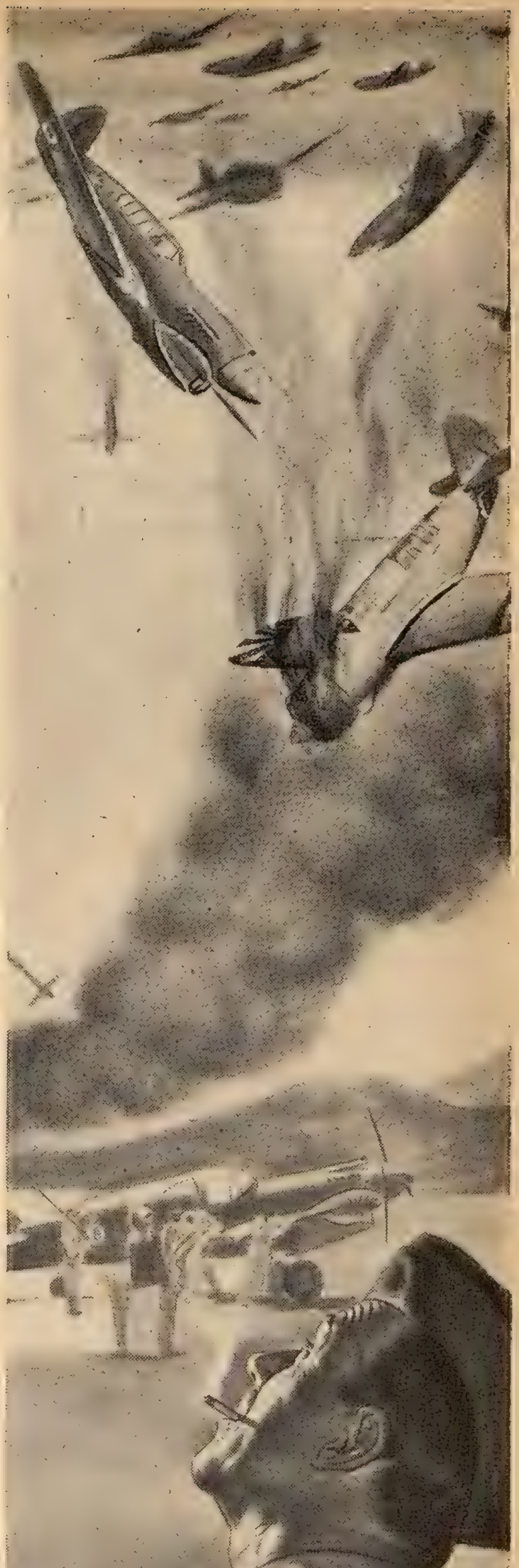
In about three minutes a dozen Jap ships were knocked out of the war. Three more minutes and a dozen more were in trouble; five of them deliberately crashed to the field, just to keep things mussed up. Then the rest of the fellows, who had been fighting defensively, caught the spirit of the occasion, and it was only a matter of a few minutes until the enemy was taking a collective powder, with a flaming ship zooming for the earth almost everywhere you looked.

When the General heard about this insubordinate performance, he grinned and pointed to one of his ears. He had been honorably discharged from the United States Army years previously after becoming partly deaf following a crash. "My hearing never was very good since that accident in Texas," he said to the informant who was telling him about the breaking of his rule, "and now it seems worse than ever. All of a sudden, too."

THE war was really on in full blast. Everything that had gone before had been target practice. We got an idea of how dirty the Japs were going to play when the General learned from Dr. Robert Lim, head of the Chinese Red Cross, that Hitler's brother "Aryans" had begun experimenting with bacteriological warfare up around Changteh, in Hunan Province. They had come over and dropped rice instead of bombs. The hungry Chinese had eaten the rice, and then their tongues had gone black, and black spots had appeared on their bodies just before they died. Yes, the Japs were trotting out that old one from the Middle Ages—the Black Death, bubonic plague of the worst type.

George McMillian, one of our aces, got a sample of some dirty work one day when he was chasing two bombers into the southeast. It was about dusk, and George in his enthusiasm had gotten off all by himself. A Jap jammer had been at work on the radio, so there was nobody at ours, for trying to get a message through would be useless.

George wasn't very far from the field, and he was catching up with the bombers in a new fast pursuit ship that had been ferried from Africa. Suddenly he gave up the chase, turned, and started back for the field. None of us could figure it out. Obviously his ship wasn't in trouble of any kind and he certainly had had


ILLUSTRATED BY SANDOR

those two Japs cold. Another minute would have finished both of them.

George was under a cloud, and when he got on the side of it closest to the field, two Jap Zeros that we hadn't seen popped out and got on his tail. I rushed in to the radio and shouted, "Watch out in back of you!" But I might as well have kept still. The Jap jammer was laughing that chilling, maddening laugh.

It wasn't until the Zeros opened up that George learned they were on him. He did a fast loop, but his ship had begun to smoke. He zigzagged home and managed to hop out just before the ship exploded.

His earphones had been shot off and his hair parted, but otherwise he was O. K. "That was a bum steer you gave me," he said to a group of us at the alert shack.

"*We* gave you?" some one said.

"Sure, telling me to come in."

We all looked at each other. None of us had given such an order.

"*Somebody* did," said George. "Why do you suppose I gave up on those two bombers when I practically had 'em? A thousand bucks they would have meant, too!"

So that was the newest Jap trick—getting an English-speaking Nip to steer our boys into traps by giving them false instructions. The Vols had access to a couple of fellows who could speak Japanese, and some of them thought a dose of his own medicine would be none too good for Mr. Moto. But Chennault said thumbs down. Too dirty.

MATT KUYKENDALL came in a little while later with nothing more than a deep scratch on his forehead where a machine-gun bullet had kissed him. I don't think I've ever seen a madder human being. He was calling the Japs everything he could lay his tongue on. You'd have thought they'd just wiped out his whole family. His ship was badly riddled. He got a couple of Chinese grease monkeys, patched it up with tin cans and adhesive tape, and was off again. He came in later feeling a little better. He had bagged two bombers and a Zero. "They're unofficial," said Matt. "No witness, so I don't collect. But it was worth fifteen hundred bucks to see those three ——s going down into the jungles in flames."

The Vols were getting their ships shot up almost as fast as they got into the air. The numerical superiority of the Japanese was just too much. Some of the P-40s now in the air were made up of parts of as many as seven different ships. We'd salvage an engine here, a wing there, and a propeller some place else, and put them together. We were even using some pieces from Jap ships by this time. The Japs had very good instruments —all made in Germany—and some of their motors couldn't be beat, because they were patterned after motors made in the U. S. A.

Eric Shilling, a young fellow from Washington who was our official photographer, was doing some snappy work in between ferry jobs to Africa. His photographer's eye told him a lot that he didn't have to photograph. We knew there was a big Jap air base at Tavoy, 150 miles from Rangoon. We knew that because Jack Newkirk and Bob Neale had strafed it any number of times. But we didn't know where some of the other bases were.

"I'd like to say a few words to a sergeant at Fort Dix—but, first, can he trace my call?"

It was Shilling who put the finger on them for us. Eric had noticed that the Japs were using a very rich oil mixture in their bombers which gave off a heavy visible exhaust. So he got the idea that he should use powerful glasses while flying low over areas where the Japs might have camouflaged bases. He spotted two places not far over the Thailand border, and rushed in to tell the boys that he had seen signs of exhaust and backfire, as if ships were being warmed up under trees. Half a dozen of the boys followed Eric back to the two locations, went into dives, and let go with squirts. Immediately there was frenzied scurrying about by Japs who ran out from under the camouflage to see what was going on.

Our boys radioed back, and the word was passed on to the R. A. F. Some Blenheim bombers went out, the Vols put the finger on the spots, and the British finished the job that Eric's good eyesight had begun.

WE finally got Helen Anderson out in a truck caravan of humans and supplies for Kunming. We weren't going to stay much longer in Rangoon. There was no use committing suicide when you could be of use elsewhere. Helen didn't want to go and leave Fearless Freddie, but she agreed when it was arranged that he would be part of the A. V. G. umbrella that would cover the caravan all the way to China.

Freddie painted a big white letter H—his girl's initial—on his ship so she'd be able to recognize him during the journey. At nights the caravan just stopped. It was pretty safe. The Japs have bad eyes and don't make good night fighters, so not a great deal went on in the air after dark. In the morning, when the trucks were about to start again, Freddie would be up and about early, dipping and diving, letting Helen know that he and the others were on the job and that everything was all right.

Helen and the others had gotten out just in time. One Jap land column wasn't far behind the caravan. The British land forces were fighting a delaying action, and the Volunteers were covering for R. A. F. bombers. Matt Kuykendall came in sore as a boil again one afternoon. He had gone down to strafe some of the Jap supply elephants, hoping to start a stampede and widen the distance between the advancing Japs and our truck caravan. He not only hadn't started one but his machine-gun bullets had glanced off the tough hides of the beasts and hadn't even halted them. It took bombs to do that. We were glad to see Matt sore, though. When the terrible-tempered Mr. Kuykendall was upset, it was just too bad for Mr. Moto.

Helen and the new Mrs. Petach became great friends in Kunming. They had a lot in common. Helen wanted to help in the hospital, and her services were accepted. That hospital had hardly been used at all for its original purpose—the treatment of Volunteers. Except for the handful who had been killed outright, most of the fellows had suffered only the most minor sort of injuries, the kind that can be patched up from a first-aid kit. That's the way the Tigers played —all or nothing. None of them wanted to be injured. Not one of them would have preferred a serious injury to death.

HIGH-OCTANE gasoline was becoming a major problem. We knew the Japs had plenty of it, so we decided to do something. The boys started out on gasoline hunts. The technique was to spot a Jap supply caravan and begin feeling it out by flying low and sending incendiary bullets into one of the trucks. If the truck exploded, that meant that it contained gas. If one truck carried gas, the chances were more of them did.

So when the boys would locate one gas truck, they'd gang up on the other trucks, fly low, and aim not for the trucks but for the drivers. When a driver was killed, the truck would just stop or go off the road, usually with its load of gas intact. Then, while the Vols took and kept control of the air, thousands of coolies carrying large and small containers would be told by radio how to get to the caravan. Bucketfuls and even cupfuls would be taken from the Jap gas stores, and the coolies would travel in a steady stream with the precious fuel to one of our secret supply bases. After a time we didn't worry so much about gas.

Toward the middle of March even the Volunteers themselves had lost count of the Jap ships they had bagged. Certainly the figure was well over the 500 mark. Previously the boys hadn't bothered much about going after ships they had shot down in out-of-the-way places. But now Charlie Chan, the A. V. G.'s Chinese barber, spoke up: If the coolies were so good at going through jungles to get at Jap supply trucks, why couldn't they go in and bring out plane engines and other parts that would be useful to us? The suggestion was so simple that nobody had thought of it.

Charlie's idea paid off handsomely. We not only got valuable parts and instruments, but from some of the wreckage the coolies retrieved from deep in the jungles we found out other things, too—military secrets. All of which would be of great help in the days to come.

Some American newspapers were getting to China by this time, and the Volunteers were astonished to find that they had captured the public imagination. They were surprised, too, to read that they had performed certain feats that existed only in the imagination of reporters cabling dispatches from the Orient. They took it all in fun. The newspaper accounts didn't turn their heads. Otherwise, the further they got into the war, the more serious they became. There was still horseplay and games during time off, because the Old Man insisted on that. But fighting had become a grim business and an almost monotonous one. Olger Olsen remarked one night, while we were sitting around the alert shack, "I'm getting kind of tired of shooting Japs down day after day. I wish I could get to Bataan, where there's really something cooking."

GENERAL CHENNAULT, sticking pretty close to Kunming, was still shouting for help and more help. His favorite expression still was, "God Almighty, if I only had a couple of hundred bombers!" Generalissimo and Mme. Chiang Kai-shek and General Joseph W. Stilwell, the American army officer who had just been appointed Chiang's Chief of Staff, agreed with him. He told his boys that one day things would be different. "Meanwhile," he instructed, "go out and do a little propaganda."

Propaganda meant taking some unexploded bombs from crashed Jap ships and putting them in the flare racks of the Vol pursuits. There were, of course, no bomb sights on the pursuits. But the boys didn't need any. They had long since stopped using their machine-gun sights. That's how certain they had come to be of their targets. They did almost as well with the bombs. Jack Newkirk, Bob Neale, and Olger Olsen started making regular trips to Jap air bases in Thailand and knocking the spots off them.

The night of March 24—three months after the Volunteers had first seen action in Kunming—General Chennault walked into the recreation room of the barracks. We all knew from the Old Man's face that he had bad news. Helen Anderson and Petach's bride exchanged glances. Freddie and Petach were not present. Chennault saw the glances. He shook his head. "No," he said, "he doesn't belong to either of you." Now he looked up and spoke to all of us. "Jack's gone," he said. "Squadron Leader Newkirk of the Naked Angels met death this afternoon while leading a strafing expedition on an enemy base in Cheingmai, Thailand." The General's tone was wooden, as if he were reciting from memory a brief report he had previously written and torn up. "Jack," he went on, "was leading his men, as usual. They had destroyed twelve ships on the ground in the first pass—but Jack didn't notice a couple of machine guns on a truck at the end of the field."

The General turned and walked away. Somebody went after him and suggested a game of darts. "No," said the General, "not tonight."

Things weren't the same after Jack left the Group. Chennault had all the boys up in China. New lines were forming, new chapters of history were about to be written. Fearless Freddie and Helen Anderson took time out to get married, just as Freddie had planned, on April Fool's Day. There was a big American fellow named Walsh who managed an airplane factory in a small settlement near Kunming. He had gotten to be very friendly with Freddie and Helen, and had always said that he would like to tie the knot. The trouble was that he wasn't a minister or a justice of the peace. But the Vols got around that; they all liked him. They became legal residents of the area where his factory was, held an election, and voted him in as mayor. That gave Walsh legal status, and he married Freddie and Helen.

Just so the marriage would be good and legal, however, an R. A. F. padre pronounced the benediction.

As these words are set down, Fearless Freddie is still fighting. So are Olger and Bob Neale and Tex Hill, who replaced Scarsdale Jack as leader of the Naked Angels, now sometimes referred to as the Newkirk Squadron, and all the rest. Just where the Tigers are, and precisely what they're doing, must remain a military secret. It can be said, though, that some of them were inducted into the United States Air Forces on July 4. But you'll be reading about them from time to time in the newspapers as long as this war's on. There's plenty of work to do, to make up for Scorchy and Scarsdale Jack and the others.

THE END

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THE LAST TIME I SAW YOU—

Continued from Page 11

and you said, "No; she doesn't want a divorce."

After that I saw you frequently, and you did not speak of Susie again. Winter closed in, and there were hearth fires, and a cat to purr beside mine—you brought me the kitten, remember? Work and play and a growing comradeship. I told myself I must not desire more; I must not even dream of it. It takes two to make a dream. I had no right to dream if you did not, or to imagine a situation in which you were involved if you were not imagining it too. . . .

Then, after Christmas—I spent it with Maya, and you were there, and helped trim the tall tree—Maya died. You came in—you'd been there much of the time, but had gone back to Forestgreen for a little while—and found me crying, looking at her portrait, and you took me in your arms and held me and said nothing. You did not need to speak. That was all I wanted—your nearness, your arms about me, and your silence.

After the funeral we went back to the cottage and talked of her, and you said, "You're so pale, Lucie." And you added, as I stood by the fireplace and you stirred the logs into flame, "and very sweet."

I took off my things, my coat and hat and the clumsy galoshes, and you stood aside from the fire, and you said, "I love you so much—will you believe that?"

I couldn't. I shook so I could hardly speak, and after a while I said, "It isn't possible. I—I'm not beautiful, I'm not—any one—" And you came and took me in your arms and said, "You are all I want, Lucie. This is real, this is enduring—unless, my darling, you do not love me."

But I did; I always had.

YOU said, afterward, "I could not tell you before. But today I heard from Susie. She wants a divorce. She is going to Reno. There is another man, a younger man, a playwright." You said, "Poor Susie—she is returning to the stage. Somehow he has persuaded her. He is, I gather, young, attractive, struggling, and very poor. Susie has her legendary beauty and her charm and a great deal of money—or didn't you know that? Her first husband was enormously rich—"

I don't think I heard anything then—it came back to me afterward—except that Susie was going to Reno, and that you loved and wanted to marry me.

So it was settled, and I was so happy that I was afraid. I was nearly thirty and I had never been in love. Oh, I had thought so, but it had never been convincing. A kiss or a touch, a whispered word, and perhaps a little pulse beat of response. But my mind was never convinced, no matter what my body said. This was the first time, and the last.

So we had our winter, white and wonderful, with the snow falling and the little ponds frozen over, and on sunny days the hard blue skies and the wind singing lustily in bare branches. And Susie went to Reno, and in the spring, late, we were to be married, very quietly, in Dogwood Cottage.

Then one day when the lilacs were in bloom and it was within a week of Susie's return, I stopped in to see you as I was on my way to town, and that was the last time I saw you, John—the last time.

I WENT to town the day after your letter came, and saw my agent. I had finished my last job and been paid. Another had been offered me. I told him I could not take it. I told him I was ill and was going away for a rest. And he looked at me with his alert eyes and asked, "Where are you going, Lucie?" and I answered truthfully, "I don't know." And he laughed and said, "You aren't going to elope on me, are you?" and I said, "No—" and I said, "I'll let you know where I am—later." . . .

I went back to Westwind and told Mrs. Pierce. I said that I wasn't well. She knew, but she said nothing; only her eyes were sad in her round pink face. She had looked after me, she had spoiled me, so she had come to be fond of me.

She said, "Well, you have to do what seems right for you, Miss Rogers. Whatever it is, I hope it is right. And God bless you, dear."

He had blessed me, I thought, and then withdrawn His hand. Why?

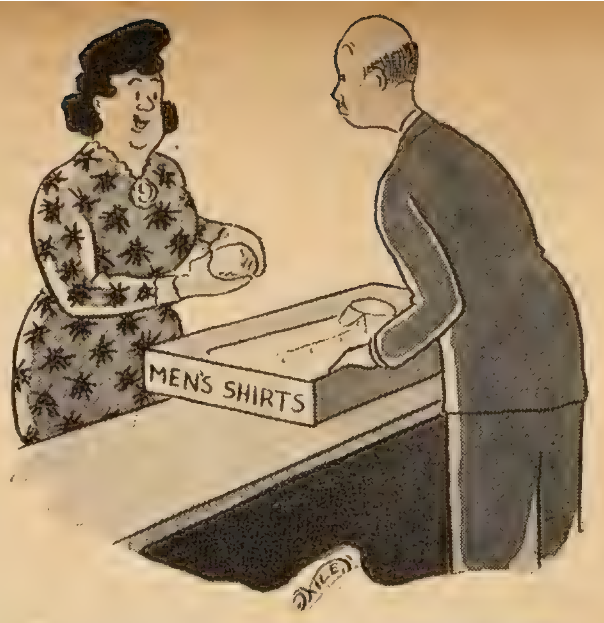
I paid the rest of the rent—my lease expired in two months; I paid Mrs. Pierce; I said good-by to the people I liked best in Westwind. I walked up around Maya's house. It was for sale. I hated the big sign on the lawn.

I sent my things to storage, except my hand luggage and one little trunk full of clothes, and got in the car and headed north. I don't remember much about that, John. Little towns coming into spring, small inns smelling of dampness, and strange people. And then, after a while, I was in New Hampshire, and the mountains were about me, strong and eternal, with peace on their foreheads, if I could only recognize it.

There was an inn in one town, it was quiet and pleasant. I liked the people who ran it, I liked the room they gave me. I could look from the windows to the mountains. I might as well stay there for a week or two—until I knew what I wanted to do.

But there was nothing I wanted to do. I did not want to work, ever again. I could not, I told myself. I could not read those stories—Boy Meets Girl, Boy Loves Girl. I could not draw them, as I had drawn them, looking at one another, laughing together on the sand or in a sailboat or dancing under the stars.

I had something to discover, something to learn. I had to know why, John; I had to figure it out for myself.



"Maybe this will give you an idea of the size: I can just get my fingers around his neck."

You didn't love me, perhaps. You liked me, you were used to me, we were friends, and I was attractive to you physically. That much was certain. I was young—much younger than you. I used to think, and I told you so once, that those wild unreasoning moments of happiness I had as a child and always remember, running free under the sky, lying prone in the grass, looking up or leaning from my window watching the stars, were because somehow I knew that you were in the world, walking this earth, breathing this air, watching that sky, the stars. . . .

How could anything so true for me not be true for you, darling?

I stayed on in the little inn. I met people who didn't matter. I walked and ate and slept and read. There was a library not far away. I went to church and listened to all that was said there. I tried to pray. I could not.

People were kind to me. There was a pleasant doctor and his wife. Sometimes I went to their house for dinner. They had children—husky, noisy children. One was a little boy with a coppery head like yours. I used to think, Was that why, because I liked children, because I could give you children—was that why you had thought you wanted me?

But it wasn't enough, was it? Susie—you had loved her, you always would, and when she decided that you must return to her, you returned.

What happened? Did the young playwright tire? Did she turn blindly to the one person who had never failed her?

I WROTE no one. Only Mrs. Pierce knew where I was, and she was bound to secrecy. She would keep her promise. She forwarded my letters and I did not answer them. After a long time I stopped looking for one from you.

Then it was autumn again, very cold and clear in the high mountains, and the inn had great fires on the hearth and it wouldn't be long before skiing would begin and it would be crowded with young people. And I thought, I'll go away, South perhaps. I can't stay here forever, doing nothing but trying to think, and not succeeding even in that. Doing nothing but remembering, every word, every look, every touch. . . .

The first hard freeze came, the black frost, and the first snow, and the tops of the mountains were capped in white. And one day I went walking in the woods, and the storm came up, and I was in it—fighting sightlessly in the woods, fighting the wind, the density of snow, fighting the bitter cold, and losing my way.

The men who found me said I was nearly exhausted; but by then I felt nothing. Just tired, just wanting to sleep.

They took me back to the inn and called Dr. Prescott. I remember seeing him. I felt very strange. I was as hot as I had been cold and there was a dreadful pain when I breathed. And he said, bending over me, "You will be all right, Miss Rogers, but we are taking you to the hospital for a while. Is there any one we should notify?"

I said, and it was hard to speak, "There's no one at all."

I don't remember the ambulance or the drive into the nearest town.

Well, this is it, I thought, waking to find myself able to breathe again, such cold, wonderful air. I put out my hand. I was shut in, in a little world of my own. I know what they call this, I thought. It's an oxygen tent. I have pneumonia. Lots of people have pneumonia. John had it once, when he was a boy. He told me about it.

John who? Did some one ask me that? I don't know. John Mathews, I will tell them. John Mathews, the finest portrait painter of his era. John.

"JOHN MATHEWS," said Dr. Prescott, at Lucie's bedside, listening. "The John Mathews." "John," she had said over and over again, but this was the first time that the doctor and the nurses had heard her speak his full name. "He shouldn't be hard to find," said Prescott. So the wire went off. And Mrs. Prescott asked that evening at supper, "But isn't that the man whose wife was in Reno getting a divorce? It was in the papers, wasn't it? He went out to Reno and she dropped the divorce, and they went away somewhere, and she died—was it only last week? Heart trouble; she had had it some time, it appears."

The telephone rang and the doctor rose to answer it. And John Mathews said, "Your wire reached me as I was ready to leave. You see, I had just found out where she is."

In Lucie's room at the hospital a nurse said, "Look, she is smiling." And the interne, with his finger on her pulse, said quickly, "Telephone Dr. Prescott, will you, Miss Allen?" The crisis was past and she slept.

Lucie thought, in her sleep, When I wake. She thought, sleeping the restorative sleep, the long good sleep, It is all right. Somehow he has come through to me. It is all right, now and forever.

On the train—for no plane flew in this weather—John Mathews looked from the window of his compartment and counted the hours. He remembered Mrs. Pierce crying and saying, "But I promised her . . ." But no promise need be kept now—not even his to Susie. Susie had cried at him over the telephone, "I'm ill, John. They tell me I may die. Promise you'll come to be with me until—"

Poor Susie—always so afraid of death. Always the fear had been with her. He remembered when first he became aware of it. It was soon after their marriage, when Susie's sister had died. In comforting her then he had realized for the first time the depth of her terror. He saw then that it was not grief over her sister's death but the abject fear of death itself that made her cling to him, making him promise to stay with her always. The pity that he had felt for her then welled up in him again as he sensed the terror in her voice.

"PROMISE me," she had said over the singing wire, "that you won't tell any one. I couldn't bear to have people sorry for me." And he had said gravely, "There's one person I must tell."

Susie was still a moment; then—

"That girl," she said. (People still wrote to Susie from Westwind.) "But I simply couldn't bear that. To think that she's waiting—waiting for me to die! John, promise me," she said again. "It won't be long, and you'll have all your lives ahead of you . . ."

She must not be upset, she must not be disturbed, she must not be crossed. "I promise," he had said, after a long while. "And I'll be with you as soon as I can."

He looked out of the window again. Hurry, hurry, he said to the turning wheels. He thought, with curious confidence, Lucie is better; she will be well again. Because that is the way it must be, the way it is meant to be. And she will understand and will forgive me. Perhaps she has already; perhaps she has had faith, as I have had. . . .

So, when she opened her eyes after the long good sleep, he was sitting there beside her. She could not speak; she could only look at him. And he said, with his hand on hers, "It is all right, Lucie. It is all right, forever."

This too was a promise he could keep as long as they two should live. She turned toward him a little and slept again. Time enough, all the time in the world, to solve her mystery. Because it no longer mattered. He loved her, he was with her.

A nurse came in and John Mathews looked up. "She is smiling again," said Miss Allen, "in her sleep. . . ."

THE END

DO YOU KNOW . . .

1. How Bill Nye could tell a farmer?
2. What air bases Seversky recommends for bombing Germany?
3. What contract Ann Corio made her boy ballplayers sign?
4. Why the bumblebee can fly?
5. How the A. V. G. boys got high octane gasoline?

Answers will be found on pages 6, 24, 31, 56, and 38 of this issue.

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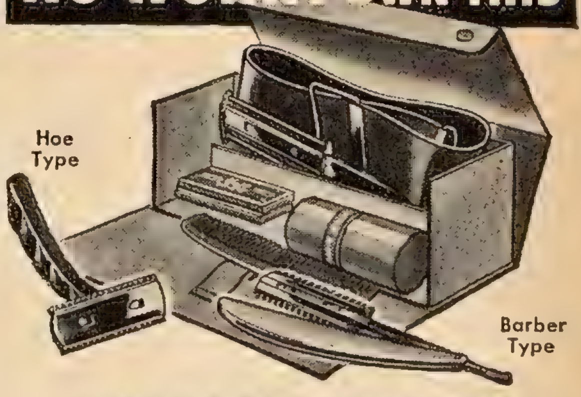

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THE WAR BABIES AGAIN!—

Continued from Page 13

Because Phyllis knew the score before Pearl Harbor. "We weren't fooling ourselves for one minute," she says. "We all knew trouble was ahead—real trouble. And I wanted a baby. I guess nature must make us—well, just basically women when everything artificial about life is stripped away. I wanted something tangible to hold on to, something steadying, during all the worry and strain of war. Besides," she went on rather defiantly, "a soldier is no different from other men. He loves a home, his slippers and newspaper and easy-chair kind of thing. And marriage isn't complete without a baby. I figured if he *had* to sacrifice all the other things, he wouldn't have to sacrifice this."

Phyllis had quite a time getting the small daughter who now surveys life calmly from her mother's apartment in an Eastern city. The attack on Pearl Harbor came a month before the baby was due. From December 7 until December 10 three hundred women, among them Phyllis, huddled in a tunnel on the side of a hill. No question of a bed. Phyllis slept on a sweater and coat until the wife of a high-ranking officer managed to wangle her an army cot.

When the women were allowed to leave the shelter, Phyllis tried to see her doctor. He was too busy with wounded men to examine her—and the maternity hospital was filled to overflowing with the casualties of that Sunday raid.

So . . . in January Phyllis' baby was delivered by a seventy-four-year-old retired army surgeon whose sight was dim and whose hands, so Phyllis says, trembled with age. A month later mother and child were on the submarine-infested Pacific, homeward bound. With her baby, Phyllis slept in a sailor's hammock, one of 2,500 women and children jammed into a space designed to accommodate no more than 500 sailors.

EACH day of that trip Phyllis and other mothers went into the ship's galley, where they sterilized bottles in two quarts of water, bathed the baby in the same water, then used it to wash the baby's clothes in.

"It was worth it," said Phyllis. "I'd do it over again, if that's the way it has to be."

And Phyllis wasn't the only wife wanting to bring a baby or the beginning of one home from Pearl Harbor. Girls of widely varied backgrounds were quite frank about it.

"A child will make the tie more binding," was the way the wife of a navy electrician put it. That sounds cold and calculating. However, though baldly expressed, it too stands up when put to a test.

This is a war, these young wives realize, and in the violence and recklessness of war all moral values tend to shift. Marriage will seem more of a reality to the man if a child is involved. For one thing, he is more apt to feel sure of his wife, of *her* fidelity, once she is a mother. He can feel that he has a real home to return to, a family as well as a wife to welcome him; and these thoughts may save him some of the costly price of wartime license, as well as bring him home.

Riding on a bus through a dark summer night, we got, perhaps, the most universal reason of all for war babies. The young mother was twenty, her fat little son all of twenty-four days old. "This young man is going to meet his father for the first time," she said. "He wants to tell him good-by before he goes off to war." Later, more seriously, she added, "I had four days of honeymoon and a month of marriage. That may be all I'll ever have. But I have a husband and a family, and that's a lot."

The dazed but dignified young fathers are less coherent than the mothers on this question of babies, but quite as strong-minded. Almost to a man, their reason for wanting children is that it gives them a tangible, more personal stake in winning the war.

UNOFFICIALLY Uncle Sam has put his seal of approval on these war babies. In the early days of the draft before you-know-what soldiers had a difficult time getting their commanding officers' permission to get married. Now blessings are a better word than permissions. As one lieutenant colonel put it, "A man with a child has something to plan for and fight for. A family man makes a *damn* good soldier." And marriage for soldiers is now far easier than it is for civilians. Many cities are waiving civilian marriage-license rules when soldiers' furloughs are too brief to allow of compliance.

But there is a negative side to the war-baby question, too. Naturally, parents are the first to object. Most often the parents of the girl. They dread the coming of a baby to the gay young high-school graduate, to the daughter who cut short her college course to marry a service man.

One such girl answers all such parents. We found her in a room still decorated with class pennants and childish stuffed animals. In one corner of the room her very new baby blossomed in a bassinet; in another corner stood a tracing board. The young mother was studying drafting, preparatory to taking a job in a defense plant.

Of her husband who enlisted in the air corps she said: "I backed him up in his enlistment, and married him to show I meant it. And why not? Why should I consider my future so precious? Did Bob and the others think about their futures? They aren't asking how happy and secure they'll be after the war. Why should we?"

But what about the little boy in the bassinet? It is concern for him that motivates the rest of the dissenting voices. Social workers, professors of economics, society in general form this group. They say the young couples have a right to live their own lives. But they also say that every child needs to inherit stability and emotional serenity and needs a home to grow up in. They fear that the war baby won't get these things. They point out that in nine out of ten cases the war baby's mother must work.

There are a lot of answers to this one, but let's take the answer of a working mother. Frances' baby is almost two and he could hardly be called a war baby. Though Frances claims that she and her husband felt world war was inevitable soon after the signing of the Munich Pact. From thinking it inevitable, Frances says, it wasn't long before they were planning to have a baby.

Frances' husband is now a mate on a Standard Oil tanker. Frances herself has worked steadily since four weeks after the baby was born. She has a woman in to take care of her child, but she plans to put him in nursery school this autumn. She says, "The doctor says my son is a healthy, nonnervous baby. He thinks some of this may be because I wasn't around getting nervous about him and passing that nervousness on to him. It's true that every mother has a natural love for her baby, but that doesn't necessarily include a natural knowledge of how best to bring him up."

No; Frances thinks the best thing she can do for her child is to get him into that nursery school with other children his own age. "I can feed him, clothe him, and love him dearly. But, in the world to come after the war, the best thing I think I, or any mother, can do for her child is to see that he develops a natural aptitude for being with and finally for working with other people. Whatever turn the world takes, this and his health will be his most valuable possessions. He can't get this aptitude staying home with dear mommy all day long."

ADMITTEDLY there aren't enough day nurseries in the country to take care of the nation's babies. But government workers are taking steps to increase the number and every day more voices are raised in Parent-Teachers' meetings, in civilian defense groups, for wartime day nurseries.

For the war babies are rolling in, and they must be cared for. The prerogatives of motherhood aren't going to be the property solely of the women in Fascist countries who have to be cajoled, bribed, or forced to increase their country's birth rate. The American girl doesn't need to be cajoled or bribed to take care of the matter.

If you need a better argument, take a look at the lean, tanned, clear-eyed boys in khaki. Our role as a nation in a war-weary world is assured of importance if these are the fathers of our future citizens.

And even the world of the future gets in on this war-babies business. Listen to Frances again. "Personally," she says, "I believe that if enough women have enough babies so that they too have a real stake in the future, the future will be O. K. too. You can trust a mother to do something about it."

THE END

"Daddy, what's a dermatologist ?"

A dermatologist, sonny, is a doctor who specializes on the care and treatment of the skin. There are only thirteen hundred such recognized authorities in the entire U. S. It is interesting to know that a recent survey revealed that more dermatologists use Mennen Shave Products than any other brand...more than the next two leading brands combined. When buying shave products for your own use, why not be guided by the personal choice of experts?

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AS YOU WERE! In the picture at the top, our seven heroes check in at the desk. AS YOU WILL BE! An hour later, in suntans—summer outfits—they look like veterans.

THIS IS AMERICA

Quick-change magic by Uncl Sam!—Here's a step-by-ste newsreel of how it is don

THIS is a war of movement. Exactly one hour after your boy arrives a an army reception center Uncl Sam has made him a soldier—outwardly at least! And what a soldier!

Liberty has taken seven newly inducted lads freshly arrived at the recrui reception center, Camp Lee, Virginia— and shows how, thanks to the efficien conveyor-belt, quick-change artistry o Major General Edmund B. Gregory head of our Quartermaster Corps, they are turned into members of probabl the best dressed (and best fed) army in the world.

Left to right, they are Albert R Goodwin, Washington, D. C.; Melcho D. Robles, New York City; Norman C Love, Washington, D. C.; Henry A Whitman, San Diego, California; Thoma E. Spriggs, Hutchinson, Kansas; Stanley W. Rathbone, Ann Arbor, Michigan; an Vance H. Koontz, Washington, D. C.

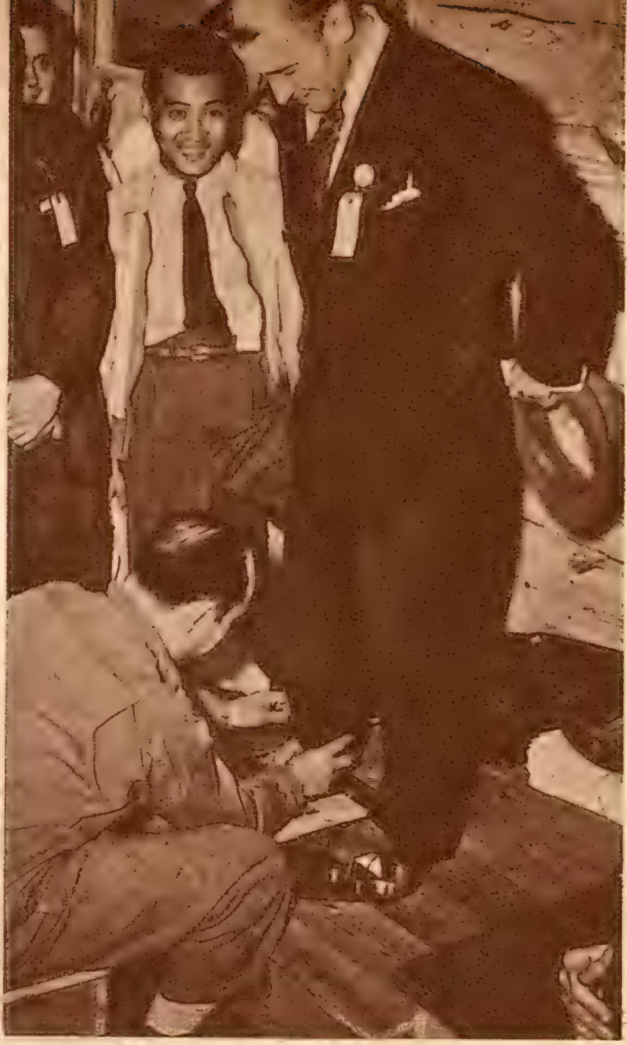
Photos by Army Signal Corps

1 SERGEANT IS LIKE MAMA. Hard-boiled sarges being out in this war, Private James Tallman calls the roll and marches the boys off to get their fighting duds.

2 CHEST? WAIST? LEG? Mr. Spriggs is carefully measured for a smart Bond Street fit.

3 SHIRTTAIL PARADE. Pants removed to save time, they collect 39 items at counter

4 CHECK YOUR COAT, SIR? Private Love (at left) looks as if he's ready for Iceland.



5 BARKING DOGS BITE. A measuring gadget makes sure corns are by-passed, shoes fit.

6 IT'S SMART TO BE NIFTY! Expert tailors see that uniforms don't droop or bulge

7 √ √ ! Fully outfitted, Private Spriggs has all his 63 issued articles checked and √ √.

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8 THAT'S DOUGH, BOYS! Here's what it costs to outfit a soldier. No, add it up yourself!

9 59 MINUTES LATER. Almost in step, they march to barracks to start winning the war.

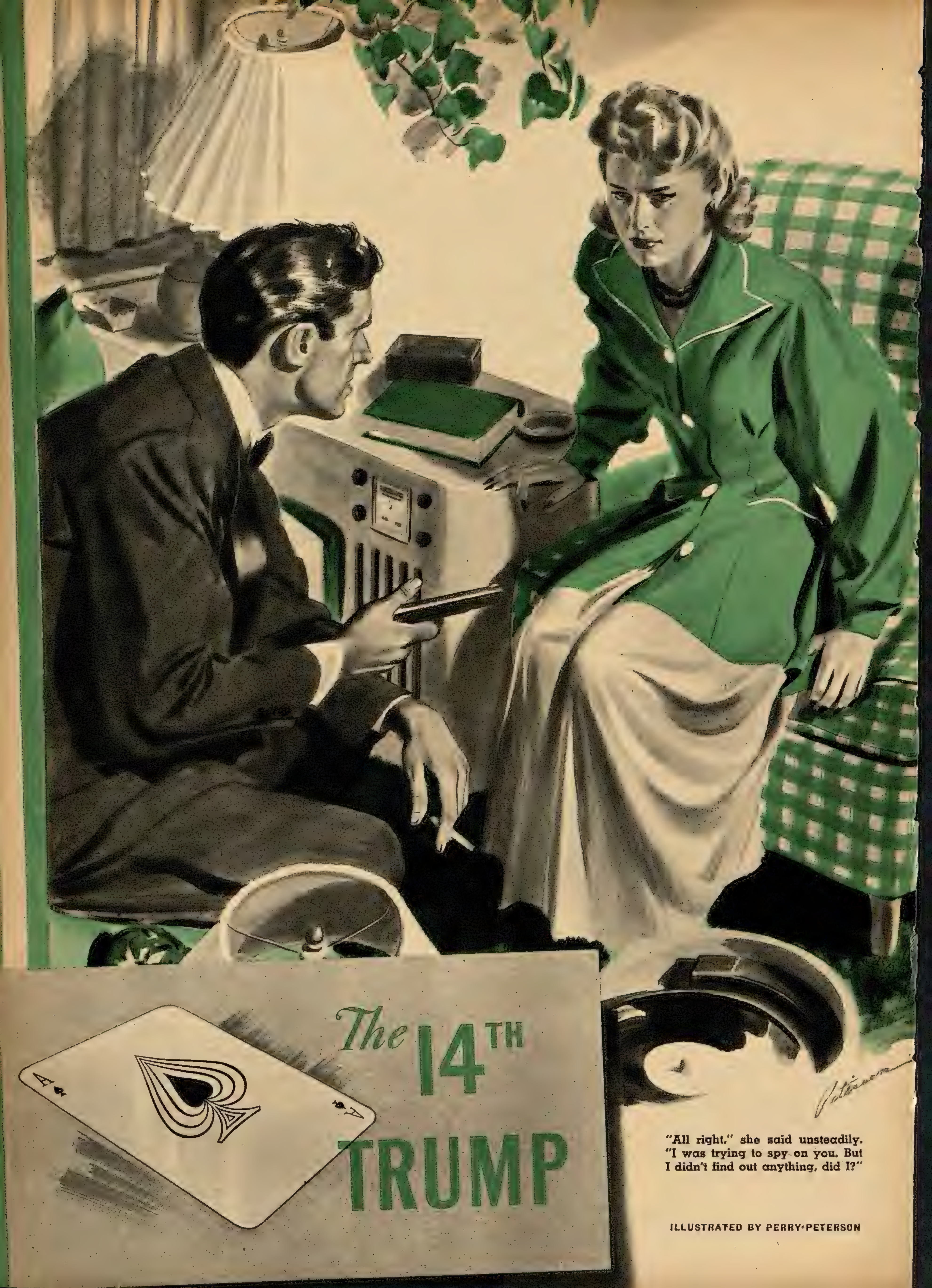
10 APPEALS TO ALL. Passing the kitchen, they see that potato peeling has been mechanized.

LEVELLE PHOTO

11 61 MINUTES LATER. First call to—er—arms! How can a pretty miss miss a smart soldier, or vice versa? Raw recruits, eh!

LEVELLE PHOTO

The 14TH TRUMP



"All right," she said unsteadily. "I was trying to spy on you. But I didn't find out anything, did I?"

ILLUSTRATED BY PERRY-PETERSON

Now danger catches up with a gallant girl—and a vivid tale of crime and mystery nears its thrilling climax

BY JUDSON P. PHILIPS

READING TIME ● 29 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

PART SEVEN—"I'VE GOT TO OUTSMART HIM!"

JANE was frightened. It had been creeping over her for the last hour or so until it choked her.

It had seemed such a darn smart idea in the beginning. Danny and Harvard were figuring so many angles that they went round corners to get places. The problem was a simple one. Mona had been framed; Mona was a nice girl; Mona had to be unframed. Danny wanted it because Terry Reardon was his friend. The people at the Times Square Club had done the framing. If you could get on the inside, maybe you could find something out. It was simple!

And it *had* been simple.

She'd gone to the club, and nobody had stopped her, and she'd gone straight to the bar and ordered herself a drink. O'Higgins with his white smile had introduced himself and asked her if she wanted to get into a game, and she'd said she did, and everything was progressing. She'd mentioned a rather high stake, and he said in about half an hour there'd be a game she could cut into. And then Joe Kling had come up to the bar.

She'd recognized him from Harvard's description. He'd had a drink and kept glancing at her sidewise, and she'd smiled at him, and presently they were talking. One thing led to another, and he'd said wouldn't she like to hear some music, and she'd said she was crazy about swing, and his little eyes brightened and he took her upstairs. He'd played records for her, and he was really a riot talking about them the way he did. Then all of a sudden in came Harvard and nearly spoiled everything.

BUT when Danny showed up he was wonderful and acted as though he'd never seen her before, and Harvard looked fit to be tied every time Joe Kling touched her bare shoulder with his hand, which was good for him because he was always so sure of her. Kling's hand was very cold, she noticed. Then Danny had pulled his exposé of O'Higgins, and it had looked like trouble till the air-raid siren made everybody forget everything else and Kling said, "Let's get out of here, baby."

It had started to get difficult then.

"I just live next door at the Donnelly," she said. "You don't have to take me."

The air raid didn't seem to bother him at all. "This won't be anything," he said. "Let's go somewhere and have a drink."

There couldn't be any harm in that, so they went to a little bar near Eighth Avenue. There were booths and they sat in one at the back.

Kling was looking down at his hands, rubbing the tips of his fingers together. "Sometimes a guy doesn't want to be alone," he said. "That's the kind of a night this is for me. I don't want to be alone. We could go places and do things."

"I don't know if I should," Jane said.

"Don't get me wrong, sister," he said. "You're a cute kid. I like you. But I haven't got ideas. I just don't like to be alone tonight."

"Is there something special about tonight?" she asked.

His hands closed into two tight fists on the edge of the table. "Very special," he said. "Anybody you were crazy about ever double-cross you, Jane?"

"Well, I don't know if you would call it a double cross, but when I was little I was a terrible candy thief, and my father filled up some chocolates with some bitter stuff, and I ate one and couldn't unpucker my mouth for about a week."

He wasn't listening. The all-clear had sounded. "Let's go some place where there's more going on," he said.

She went because he seemed to be in a mood to talk about himself.

They took in two or three night clubs where there was dancing. Kling danced beautifully. He didn't talk, though. About two o'clock Jane said she ought to go home.

"LOOK," Kling said. "How about coming up to my apartment? I've got some swell records there, and we could have some drinks and maybe some eggs."

"And I could look at your etchings," she said, laughing.

"It's not a gag, Jane. Sometime maybe you'll want somebody to stay with you."

Well, Jane thought, if you're going to be Mata Hari, you have to *be* Mata Hari. "It's not terribly flattering to have you keep assuring me that you're not interested, because no girl likes that," she said.

He frowned. "Look, sister," he said. "I've got a picture in the back of my watch."

"But she just doesn't happen to be around?"

"Something like that," he said. "Only she's all through being around for good. I don't bounce back quick, that's all."

He did seem on the level, and, after all, maybe in his apartment there'd be something that would help. There were always, she thought, the papers. Maybe if he had a few more drinks—

"I think it would be fun," she said, "and I am really wonderful with eggs."

They took a taxi to his apartment. She thought, if he was ever going to be a wolf he would be one in a taxi. But he sat in the opposite corner from her and never said a word. At the last minute she wished she hadn't come. The flame from his cigarette lighter lit up his face. In profile it was disturbingly cold. He wasn't the kind of person who would think it was a great lark if he found she was really spying on him for Harvard and Danny. He would probably be very nasty about it indeed.

His apartment was a surprise. She had expected something small and maybe all chromium and pictures from the Police Gazette pinned up on the wall. It wasn't. It was big and expensively furnished. The chintzes at the windows, on the lounge, and on the wing chairs had been picked out by some one with an eye for blending fabrics. And she was certainly going to have music. From the doorway she could see a grand piano, three radios, a Capehart victrola, and a collection of drums.

"THIS is really terribly attractive, Joe," she said. "I bet you didn't do the furnishing all by yourself."

"I used to know a girl," he said, his lips compressing.

Jane sat down in a corner of the lounge. Joe went off to the kitchen to make drinks. You had to be practical, she thought, if you were spying on some one. You had to reconnoiter. But there wasn't much she could do about that, because he came back with highballs and a dish of ripe olives.

"You know," Jane said, "maybe I was surprised by your place because the Times Square Club doesn't look like the kind of place where you could earn so much money. I mean money for an apartment like this."

He gave her a funny look. "I got more than one iron in the fire," he said. He switched on a radio to the short-wave police broadcast. "Mind if I keep that on low? Sometimes you hear something interesting."

He got some records from the cabinet.

"What do you do besides work for Mr. Kent, Joe?"

He put a record on the machine. "Sister, you ask a lot of questions," he said.

"Why, you sound like you were making right out of a Western movie," she laughed. She gave what passed for an imitation of a Texas drawl. "Round hyah, pardner, we don't ask a man nothin' except can he ride and shoot—not and stay healthy."

Joe's eyes were bright and opaque. "I can't ride," he said. "I think you'll like this. It's Way Down Yonder in New Orleans by the Kansas City Six. You want to pay special attention to Freddie Green on the electric guitar."

He started the record. He didn't sit down beside her on the couch, as she'd expected. Instead he sat by the radio, his head bent to catch the police broadcaster's words. He kept playing records for her but listening to the radio himself. It wasn't the way she'd counted on its being. He was supposed to get mellow and let some little facts slip.

It was just after three when he reached up and cut off a rendition of the Bugle Call Rag by the Chocolate Dandies in the middle of the trumpet break. He sat rigidly in his chair, the point of his cigarette a bright red. The radio was clear, staticless:

“Calling all cars . . . calling all cars. . . . Pick up Joe Kling . . . Joe Kling . . . bouncer at the Times Square Club . . . six feet one inch . . . six one . . . hair black . . . eyes black . . . about a hundred and seventy-five pounds . . . one seven five. . . . Wanted for questioning in the murder of Oriole Brown. . . . Bring him to apartment of Claude Donovan, 217 West Fifty-second Street . . . two one seven West five two. . . . That is all.”

KLING clicked off the radio. His hand shook a little as he picked up his drink. That was when Jane started to be afraid. Oriole murdered! The police at Harvard's.

“Is that some kind of trouble for you, Joe?” she asked, trying to keep her voice from betraying her panic.

“Not the way you mean,” he said. “I've been with you all night, haven't I? It looks like you'd have to make an alibi for me.” He walked across the room and stood by the window, looking out.

“I guess you know I'd be glad to tell the police you were with me, Joe, but shouldn't we do something about it? Because if you don't, won't they think you were maybe trying to hide something?”

“No,” he said. “Let them find me.” For the first time, he came over and sat down beside her. She hoped he wouldn't touch her, because he would certainly notice how cold she was suddenly.

“That girl—Oriole Brown.” He stopped. “She's the one who picked out the curtains and the furniture and stuff in here. She—well, I was nuts about her.” His voice sounded ragged. “I gave her everything a dame could ask for. I picked her up out of the gutter and gave her everything.” He laughed. “Hell, I even asked her to marry me. Then you know what she did?”

“What?”

He drew smoke deep into his lungs. “Never mind,” he said. “You heard where they said to bring me? Donovan's! I never asked him to mess into my affairs. Well, he did, and he's got an account to settle with me.”

Jane's heart was somewhere in the neighborhood of the roof of her mouth. “You think he killed your girl, Joe?”

“No. But he softened her up. He made a dirty little stool out of her. If it wasn't for him, she might be O. K.—sitting right here where you're sitting. Let's have another drink. We'll drink to the day when I square accounts with that nosy bird.”

“But, Joe, if this Donovan didn't kill her, who did?”

“Sister,” he said, “I told you already you ask too many questions.”

“But I should think you would be sore at the person who killed her, instead of Mr. Donovan, because—”

“Skip it.”

“But it doesn't make sense not—”

“I said skip it!”

“Well, really, Joe, if you're going to act this way I think I'll go home, because it's not my fault that you're in trouble, and if you don't want to be nice about it—” She started to get up.

“I'm sorry,” he said. “We said something about having some eggs—remember? Are you really good at it? There's stuff in the icebox. Oriole always— That is, there's everything you need.”

Every nerve in her body was screaming to her to cut and run. But she couldn't. She understood why he wanted her to stay. The police would come looking for him, and they'd find her there and that would make his alibi perfect.

“All right,” she said; “I'll make you some eggs, Joe.”

They went out into the kitchen together. He got a smock for her to put over her evening dress. There was a faint perfume attached to it. Poor Oriole! She had sounded so terribly cute.

Kling got eggs and butter and bacon. The coffeepot was on the stove. He said he could make coffee. He was filling the pot when the phone in the living room rang.

“Be right back,” he said.

Jane broke eggs into a bowl and began to beat them for scrambling. She could hear Kling's voice talking in an undertone in the next room. An unhappy thought occurred to her. If the police knew where Joe lived, why hadn't they come to find him, instead of broadcasting an alarm?

SHE heard him coming back from the living room and turned to greet him. Something about him almost stopped her breathing. He was walking with the soft, springy steps of a big cat, and his eyes were glittering slits. Instinctively she backed away until the wall ended her retreat.

“Joe—Joe, what's the matter?”

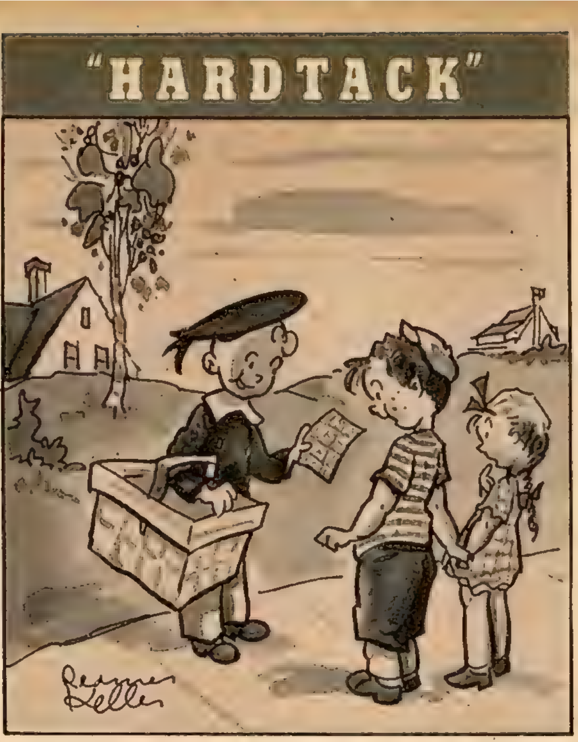
“So you're Donovan's girl,” he said softly.

Before she could move, his hand flashed out and struck her, stinging slaps, right and left. Then he had her by the wrist and was dragging her back into the living room. “Sit down there where I can watch you,” he said. He picked up her evening bag, which was on the couch, wrenched it open, and looked through it. “It's a wonder you didn't have a stiletto with you to slip in my ribs! You're quite a girl, Jane Rain!”

“All right, Joe,” she said unsteadily. “I was trying to spy on you. But I didn't find out anything, did I? You weren't out of line, were you? I haven't done you any harm. I'm even —I'm even important to you because I'm your alibi and—”

“How do I know what I said?” He was burning. “Maybe I did let something slip. Well, you're going to find out something now, baby. You're going to find out the facts of life. What's Coyle's number? Don't be a sap; I can look it up if you don't tell me.”

That was true. She told him the number. While he was dialing, she looked at the windows, the door. There were no fire escapes. The only way out was the door. She'd have to go right by Kling to reach it. He seemed to read her mind.



“Mom sent me to the store to buy spinach but I bought defense stamps instead.”

“Don't get ideas,” he said. “Hello? Coyle's? . . . I want to speak to Claude Donovan.”

“He won't be there,” Jane said. “Why are you calling him there?”

“You don't know everything, baby.” Then, into the phone: “I don't give a damn what he's doing. Call him! Tell him I've got news for him about Miss Rain. . . . No. Who the hell are you, anyway? Put Donovan on and stop stalling.” He covered the mouthpiece with his hand. “Who's Sam?”

“Mr. Coyle's servant.”

“You've got a great fellow, sister. You're out all night with another guy, and he's sleeping!” Then Kling's eyes narrowed. “That you, Donovan? Joe Kling here. . . . That's right. Your girl's in a jam, friend. . . . That's right; I'm the jam. . . . You were going to come and get me any time you wanted to. Now's your chance. And listen, chum. Come alone, see, if you want to find this babe in shape to take any screen tests. Catch on?” Apparently Donovan did. Kling gave him the address. “I don't give that to every one,” he said, “and I might not like it if you were to leave it lying around.”

HE hung up and came around to sit on the couch, facing Jane. “O. K., sister, what did your snooping get you? What did you find out for your F. B. I. friends?”

“Listen, Joe. You know I haven't found out anything that would hurt you, because we've been together every minute. And wouldn't you have done the same thing I've done if you were in my shoes? Because Mona Lewis is my friend and we know she didn't kill Quigley and—”

“I never do anything I can't get out of,” Kling said. He took his automatic from the shoulder holster and checked the cartridge clip. “You've had your fun tonight, sister. When that punk of yours gets here, I'm going to have mine!"

WHEN Coyle and Howard Comstock left the Donnelly and went down to the street together, the Paramount clock showed twenty minutes past five.

"Come in the drugstore," Coyle said. "I'll buy you an aspirin, Howard. You must have a headache."

But he didn't buy an aspirin. Instead he went to a telephone booth at the back of the store and called Mickey Dowd. Comstock was incensed because Coyle insisted on maintaining a strangle hold on the front of his coat.

"But if you were to make a break, Howard," Coyle said, "I'd be lost. Foot racing isn't my forte."

Mickey had nothing positive to report. There was a taxi driver who had a stand outside the Donnelly and often drove Kling places. He was off duty now and he had no telephone. He lived in the Bronx. Mickey had sent Timber Hoolihan there.

"When you get word, telephone me at Harvard's apartment," Coyle said, and gave him the number.

A cab took Coyle and Comstock to Donovan's. The cops stationed at the front door let Coyle through, and he took Comstock upstairs to the apartment.

Moran, his collar loosened, his gray hair ruffled, was pacing the room. Sitting in Donovan's most comfortable armchair, pink and fresh as if he'd just come from a Turkish bath, was Mr. Lowery Kent.

Coyle shoved Comstock first through the door. "Present for you," he said to Moran.

"What, again?" Moran said.

"Good evening, Mr. Coyle—or, rather, good morning," said Kent suavely.

Coyle ignored him. "Can we talk privately?" he asked the inspector.

"Mind waiting with the others, Kent?"

Kent got up and sauntered into Donovan's bedroom.

"Others?" Coyle asked.

"O'Higgins and the bartender from the club," Moran said wearily. "Teliski's watching them."

"Hope he does better than he did questioning Miss Wolfe," Coyle said. "Run along with the other boys, Howard."

"Now look here," Comstock said, "I—"

"Do you always put up an argument, Comstock?" Moran shouted.

When they were alone, Coyle told him about Miss Wolfe. "I had figured her in on that alibi frame," Coyle said. "It seems she was just a dupe."

"Dupe or dope, what does it matter?" Moran said. "Danny, the Lewis thing is open-and-shut. I wish it wasn't. But this—" He threw up his hands.

Coyle slumped down in the chair Kent had vacated. "Nothing?"

"It was a man," said Moran. "Rang the doorbell of the people on the top floor. They called down and asked who it was. This guy asked for Donovan, apologized for ringing the wrong button. They never even got a look at him."

"Fingerprints?"

"None that help. Donovan's, Jane's, the Brown girl's, Mrs. Ludens'. She does Harvard's cleaning."

"On the poker?"

"Glove smudges."

"Alibis?"

"I got a million of 'em," Moran said bitterly. "This bartender, Raymond, was home in bed with his wife. O'Higgins was playing bridge in a hotel room with three respectable butter-and-egg men."

"And Kent?"

"THAT guy is the smoothest piece of work I've met in twenty years on the force, Danny. Teliski picked him up. He was home in bed, asleep. The doorman at his apartment house says he came home at the usual time, but that was *after* the murder. Raymond swears he was at the club, as usual, when they closed up. But he's too stinking slick."

"He's an actor," said Coyle. "It's his business, playing a part. What about Kling?"

"Kling," said Moran, "is a modern Aladdin. He's rubbed his lamp and disappeared. Nobody knows where he lives. Now isn't that a pip? He works for Kent, but Kent doesn't know where he lives!" The inspector imitated Kent's smooth voice: "'My dear

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And this irritation—from the other four—*lasted more than five times as long!*

Sure, you inhale. *All smokers do.* So—*be sure* about *your* cigarette!

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CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

AMERICA'S *Finest* CIGARETTE

fellow, Kling's private life is none of my concern.' Phooey! I tell you, he's dealing off the bottom, but I'm damned if I can catch him at it."

"I'd like to sit in this game with Kent," Coyle said.

"Sit in and welcome," said Moran. "If you can outsmart that guy, I'll buy you a new weight-reducing machine."

Coyle's eyes were grave. "Jane's still missing," he said. "In about fifteen hours it will be dark again. Planes fly in the dark, Moran. I've *got* to outsmart him."

MORAN went to get Kent. Coyle glanced at his watch. Five thirty. It was nearly an hour and a half since he had set out to find Jane, and he was still no closer to success.

He took his pack of cards from his left-hand coat pocket and began to riffle them. Kent and Moran came back from the bedroom. The cards shot from Coyle's left hand to his right, a distance of a couple of feet. Involuntarily Kent's eyes followed their progress.

"Sit down, Mr. Kent," Coyle said.

"I see no point in this, Coyle," Kent said. "I'm doing my best to conceal the fact that I have reached a state of high exasperation. I think *you* are to blame!"

"So?"

"I've never come in contact with violent crime before," Kent said. "I find it unpleasant. I find it doubly unpleasant to have to answer the suspicions of an amateur who has no authoritative status in the affair."

The cards fluttered from Coyle's right hand to his left. Again Kent's steady look wavered as he watched. "In these days, Mr. Kent, every citizen in the country has a stake in every other man's actions. The pattern of this crime touches you. If that's coincidence, you should be willing to cooperate."

"I really am," Kent said. He smiled deprecatingly. "I guess I'm just grouchy at being yanked out of bed and put on the mat again. I knew Oriole Brown. I'm very much upset by her death. But I don't know a blessed thing about it."

Once more the cards shot from left to right, and once more Kent's eyes followed them. In that fractional moment Coyle nodded at Moran. The inspector slipped out of the room, closing the door behind him.

"Sit down, Kent. We're alone. Let's get at this, straight from the shoulder."

"I'm willing to listen," Kent said. He sat down on the couch, carefully adjusting his trousers' crease.

"All right. Unless Moran and Morrisey are wrong, these two crimes involve a scheme to blast the lives of thousands of people in this city; a scheme to damage morale from Maine to California. That's big, Kent. Bigger than you or me."

"I concede that," Kent said. "I'm even willing to concede that your experts are right."

"Good. As citizens, Kent, we are concerned with the safety and security of the whole people. But it's an intellectual concern. Primarily we want to guarantee our own personal, individual security."

"Cynical but accurate," said Kent. He lit a cigarette, his eyes fixed on Coyle.

"You're an actor, Kent?"

"Yes."

"But you gave it up. Didn't go so well?"

"That's right. I played bits in Hollywood for ten years, but I wasn't getting anywhere. I decided to go into business."

"Money is important to you, isn't it, Kent?"

Kent smiled. "Name me some one to whom it isn't important."

The cards accordioned back and forth. "It's almost an axiom," Coyle said, "that espionage agents work solely for the profit involved. They sell their services to the highest bidder."

"So I've heard," Kent said. "A cold-blooded business."

"Exactly. And I've a cold-blooded proposition for you, Kent."

Kent's eyebrows went up.

"Under ordinary circumstances I would offer no quarter," Coyle said. "But the circumstances aren't ordinary. I'm about to make a profit of approximately two hundred and fifty thousand dollars on one of my gambling propositions. It's yours if you want to play ball."

KENT threw back his head in a musical laugh. "My dear fellow, you're talking in telephone numbers."

"It's a bona fide offer," Coyle said, that dead-pan look in his eyes.

"And what do I have to do to earn this king's ransom?"

Coyle noticed that cigarette ash had dropped onto Kent's coat and that he had neglected to brush it away in his usual fastidious manner. "You sell out," said Coyle.

"My dear fellow!"

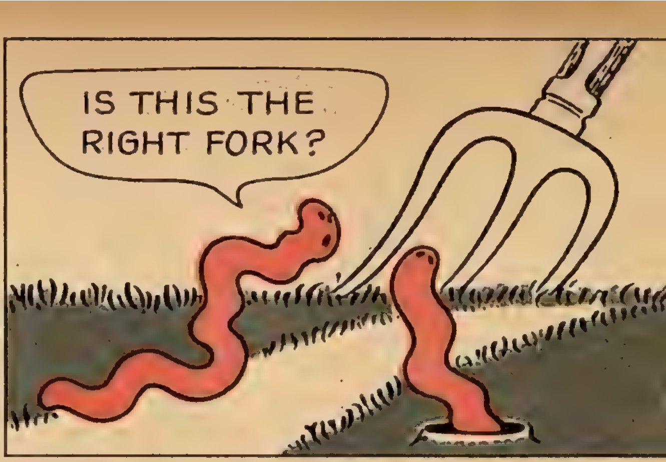
"If my offer isn't better than the one you're working under," Coyle said, "I'll up it. In addition, I promise you immunity from prosecution for thirty days."

"This is fantastic!" Kent said. The light from the windows revealed a film of perspiration on his forehead.

"You're in this for dough, Kent," Coyle said grimly. "I'm not interested in your ethics. I'm interested in saving human lives. My offer's a good one. You would instantly go into a huddle with Morrisey and reveal the system of signals you've arranged for enemy planes. You will also supply him with a list of all the agents known to you. And you will tell me where to locate Joe Kling. The whole business might take you half an hour. I'll have the money for you one hour after the banks open."

Kent took a gaudy orange silk handkerchief from his breast pocket and patted his face with it. "Mr. Coyle, upon my word, I never heard anything so completely insane."

Coyle's hands were still. His eyes were still. "I'll go a step further, Kent. I'll guarantee your personal safety, if it's fear of reprisal that's holding you back."


IS THIS THE RIGHT FORK?

Kent got up and walked over to the windows. "Really!" he said; but his laugh sounded a little off key.

"My word is my bond, Kent. My reputation is built on that."

Kent looked down at the street, which was beginning to come to life.

"I am handing you a type of security," Coyle said. "There is an alternative."

Kent turned around and came back to the couch, shaking his head.

"The alternative is death," Coyle said.

Kent's hand paused, lighting a cigarette. "Is that a threat?"

"It's a bald statement of fact," said Coyle.

From the bedroom came the muffled ring of the telephone bell. Moran appeared. "For you, Danny."

Coyle heaved himself up and went into the bedroom. Teliski, Comstock, Raymond, and O'Higgins were there. He picked up the phone and said, "Hello." It was Mickey. He had come through. Coyle wrote a West End Avenue address on the telephone pad. "Thanks, Mickey. I won't forget."

Coyle walked back into the living room. One look at Kent's bland, smiling face told him he had lost.

"You've decided, Kent?" he asked.

"My dear fellow, I wish I could accept. But I can't deliver the goods you want, and I'm afraid I couldn't fake it, no matter how much it tempts me."

Coyle turned to Moran.

"I've shot my wad, inspector," he said. "I suggest you provide Kent with protection. He's breathed his last safe breath!"

COYLE walked back to his own place and made the laborious climb up the two flights of stairs. Three hours' sleep wasn't much, but Donovan had a right to be in on this excursion. Sam was bustling around in the kitchen as Coyle went down the corridor to the room which was always reserved for Harvard. He opened the door and looked in.

The bed had been slept in, but it was empty now. Harvard's clothes were gone. He looked in the two bedrooms across the hall. Morrisey was lying on the top of one bed, still fully clothed, snoring gently. In the next room, Reardon was dead to the world.

Coyle went to the kitchen. Sam grinned at him.

WORRIED ? I'M BESIDE MYSELF !
BY KATY

"You-all mus' be mighty tired, Mistuh Coyle. Got some hot coffee heah, an' it won' take a minute to whip you up some grub."

"Where's Harvard?"

"He went out," Sam said. "I guess he hadn't slep' over twenty minutes when a phone call come foh him."

"Phone call?"

"Yas, suh. I tol' the gentleman Mistuh Donovan couldn' be disturbed, but he said it was impo'tant. That he had news of Miss Jane. Mistuh Donovan wuz kind of groggy, suh, but he got up an' answered it. Then he got dressed an' went straight out."

"Didn't he leave any message?"

"He said if you come in to tell you he'd gone to git Miss Jane."

"What time did the call come?"

"'Bout half past foh, suh."

"Well, get Mr. Reardon and Mr. Morrisey up, and tell them to come down to my office."

Down in his office Coyle found a note propped against his silver-topped inkwell. It was from Donovan. As Coyle read it his face seemed to take on granite contours.

Dear Danny: 4.30 A. M.

Well, Jane has played it out. Out meaning three strikes. Kling just telephoned.

I'm going, Danny, although I know I'm walking into something, and that I may be putting you and Morrisey and Moran on the spot. But I can't let Jane face things alone. Guess I must love the girl.

Kling warned me not to leave his address. It's 604 West End Avenue. But be careful how you use it, chum. They say that two can die just as cheaply as one.

It's been nice knowing you.

HARVARD.

COYLE sat down and reached for the phone. Seconds later he had the weary Moran on the wire.

"Moran? Kling's got Jane and Donovan."

"Good heavens! You mean—"

"I don't know," said Coyle in a flat voice. He explained: "Harvard's been gone for about two hours. I don't want the rest of this mob to get out of our hands. Can you hold Kent and O'Higgins and Comstock? Suspicion of murder?"

"It's legal to hold them for questioning," Moran said.

"If there's any chance of their being sprung on a habeas corpus, bring 'em over here and I'll sit on 'em. I'll take my chances on lawsuits."

"I'll bring 'em to your place," Moran said, "but you won't have to take any rap. Be there in ten minutes."

Morrisey and Reardon came into the office as Coyle hung up. Reardon was still in pajamas. Coyle shoved Donovan's note across the desk while he dialed another number.

Jake Horowitz was not pleased at being wakened. Coyle cut him short with an explanation of how things stood.

"What do you want with me?" said Horowitz. "I'm a lawyer, not Douglas Fairbanks, Jr."

"I want you to listen," said Coyle. He told about his visit to Miss Wolfe. "Which ties Gleason up on that time alibi, Jake."

"Swell. But where is he?"

"One'll get you ten he's bedded down in Calvin Buckler's best guest room," Coyle said. "No time to explain why I think that. But where does that put Buckler?"

Horowitz chortled. "Banked right into the side pocket," he said. "It's not illegal to keep a state's witness away from the defense. But Buckler's reputation won't stand his having sheltered a man suspected of giving aid and comfort to the enemy."

"Your job is to pick Gleason up," Coyle said. "Have a witness with you if it's necessary."

"That will be the same as Christmas in July," said Horowitz. "Be seeing you."

Coyle pushed the phone away. "Morrisey, Kling must have a tele-

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And give real shaving comfort, too!

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Save Extra Money! Get The Big New Economy Pack, 12 For 27c
THIN Gillette BLADES
Gillette
4 BLADES 10¢
4 for 10c
8 for 19c

phone in his apartment. It's not listed. You ought to be able to get it from the phone company."

"I can," said Morrisey.

"It may not be in his name. Get any unlisted phones for the address."

Reardon dropped the letter on the desk. "What the hell are we waiting for, Danny? We've got to get up to this place and get Jane and Harvard."

"Take it easy," Coyle said. "This Kling is no mastermind, Terry. He thinks in terms of bullets. If we go storming up there, he'll use those kids as hostages."

"But we can't just sit, Danny, and do nothing!"

"We're not going to just sit, Terry. You'd better get some clothes on. There'll be things to do."

"Right." Reardon hurried off upstairs.

MORRISEY reported on a conversation with the telephone company: "Unlisted number at that address in the name of Smith. Nothing under Kling."

Coyle looked at the number and dialed it. It rang several times before a man answered.

"Kling?"

"Well!"

Coyle glanced at Morrisey, nodded toward the extension phone. "Daniel Coyle here."

"How'd you get this number?" Kling asked.

"Does it matter?" said Coyle.

"No-o," said Kling slowly. "As a matter of fact, I'm glad you called. I was half expecting you to come up here."

"Thought I'd save myself the trouble," said Coyle.

"You're a smart apple, Coyle. Only not smart enough, letting that Jane stick her neck out the way you did."

"What are your terms, Kling?" Coyle said.

"Terms?"

"Certainly. There must be conditions under which you'll turn Jane and Donovan loose. What are they?"

"Why don't you come and get 'em?" Kling suggested, laughing.

"Let's not waste time with a routine," Coyle said.

"All right, Coyle. I'll tell you my terms. Stay away from this building. Keep your cop friends and your F. B. I. friends away from here."

"Then what?"

"Then if your two friends here play nice and don't try any tricks, maybe I'll let 'em go."

"When?"

"Tomorrow, maybe," Kling said.

"Why the delay?"

"Why don't you figure that out for yourself, Coyle?"

"I have," said Coyle grimly. "You know you can't get away with this, Kling."

"Set it to music," said Kling. "Have we got anything more to talk about, or should I spell it out for you?"

"You don't have to," Coyle said. "How do I know the kids are all right? Let me talk to Harvard."

"Harvard don't feel so good," Kling said.

"Jane, then."

Kling hesitated. "Well, why not?" he said.

Coyle's hand tightened on the phone. He and Morrisey were looking at each other. Then Jane's voice came over the wire in a sort of tiny wail:

"Oh, Danny!"

"You all right, kid?"

"Well—well, just *sort* of all right."

"Harvard?"

"Oh, *Danny!*"

"He's alive, Jane?" Coyle said sharply.

"Yes, but—well, he's sleeping, Danny!"

"There isn't much we can do for you, Jane, without making things worse."

"I know, Danny. I'm sorry I messed things up."

"Forget it. Keep your chin up. We'll keep figuring."

"Good-by, Danny." It was a very small, frightened voice.

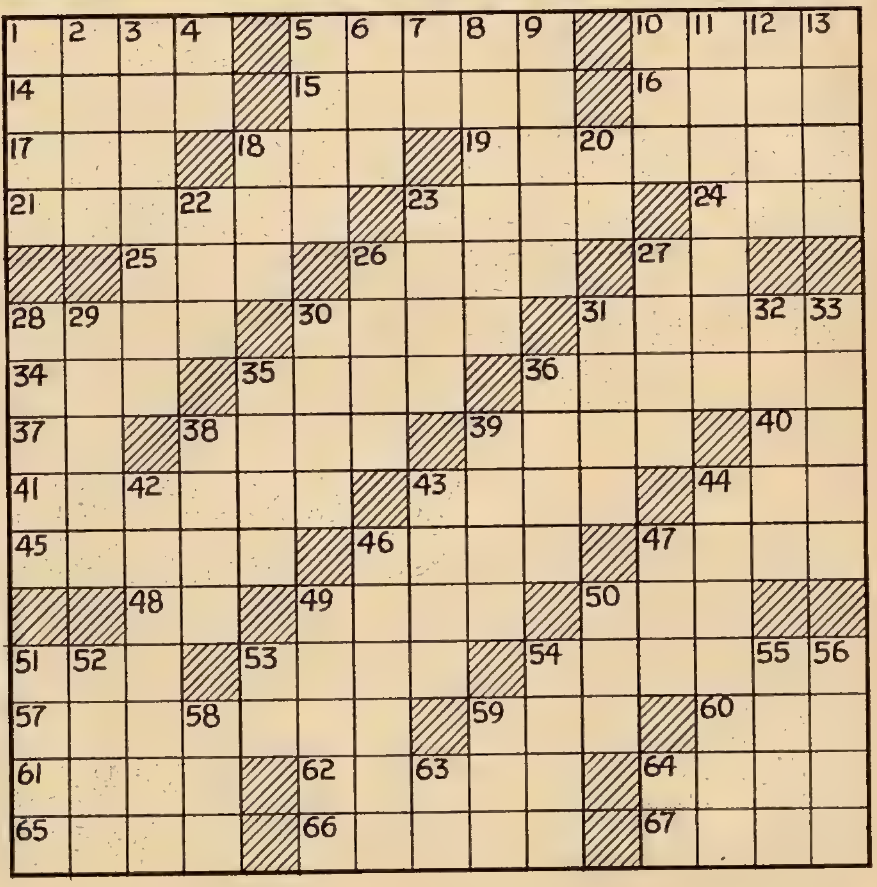
Then Kling came back. "As advertised, Coyle," he said. "But remember, they won't stay that way after the first cop or government man puts his foot in this place."

"I'll remember," said Coyle. "I'll remember everything, Kling."

Is Kling the brains behind the espionage plot? Will Jane and Harvard escape his vengeance? Startling revelations clear up the case at last in next week's final chapter!

CROSSWORDS

by Lee Pasquin

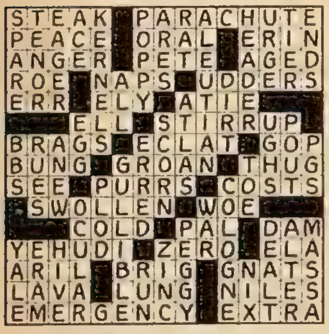


HORIZONTAL

1 Baboon
5 Pastime
10 Kind of diving bird
14 Native metal (pl.)
15 Card game
16 Possess
17 Relation
18 Moist
19 Narrowed to a point
21 Exhilarated; exalted
23 Broad
24 Those holding political office (pl.)
25 Measure of weight
26 Mud
27 Forward
28 Proofreading term
30 Sharpen, as a razor
31 Musical drama
34 Part of to be
35 Preserve
36 Forgave
37 Exist
38 Provisions of a table
39 Skin
40 Perform
41 Lessen
43 Vegetable
44 Infant's food
45 Costume
46 Pursue
47 Breathe rapidly
48 Personal pronoun
49 Irish, Scotch, or Welsh
50 Barrier
51 Number
53 Desert dweller
54 Procession
57 Turned
59 Receptacle
60 Steel-pointed mining tool
61 Always
62 Tent (var.)
64 Vein
65 Trial
66 Corrects
67 Soon

VERTICAL

1 Push
2 Seed envelope
3 Household gods of ancient Romans
4 Like
5 Hastened
6 Kitchen utensil
7 Word of ratification (abbr.)
8 Draw back
9 Commerce
10 Pronoun
11 Sailor
12 Unruffled
13 Marries
18 Cyst
20 Letter of Hebrew alphabet
22 Anything small
23 Fermented juice of grapes
26 Set in motion
27 Precious stone
28 Lawn
29 More domesticated
30 Rabbit
31 Unfasten
32 Field works
33 Take to one's self
35 Membranous pouch (pl.)
36 Bench
38 Liquefy by heat
39 Shut in
42 Reduces in rank
43 Onion-shaped root
44 Something of extraordinary excellence
46 Led
47 State of equality
49 Former Greek island
50 Forbid
51 Allowance for loss of weight
52 Interlaced
53 By
54 Pastry (pl.)
55 Pedestal part
56 Paradise
58 Practical skill
59 Wager
63 Greek letter
64 Note of the scale



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Last week's answer

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

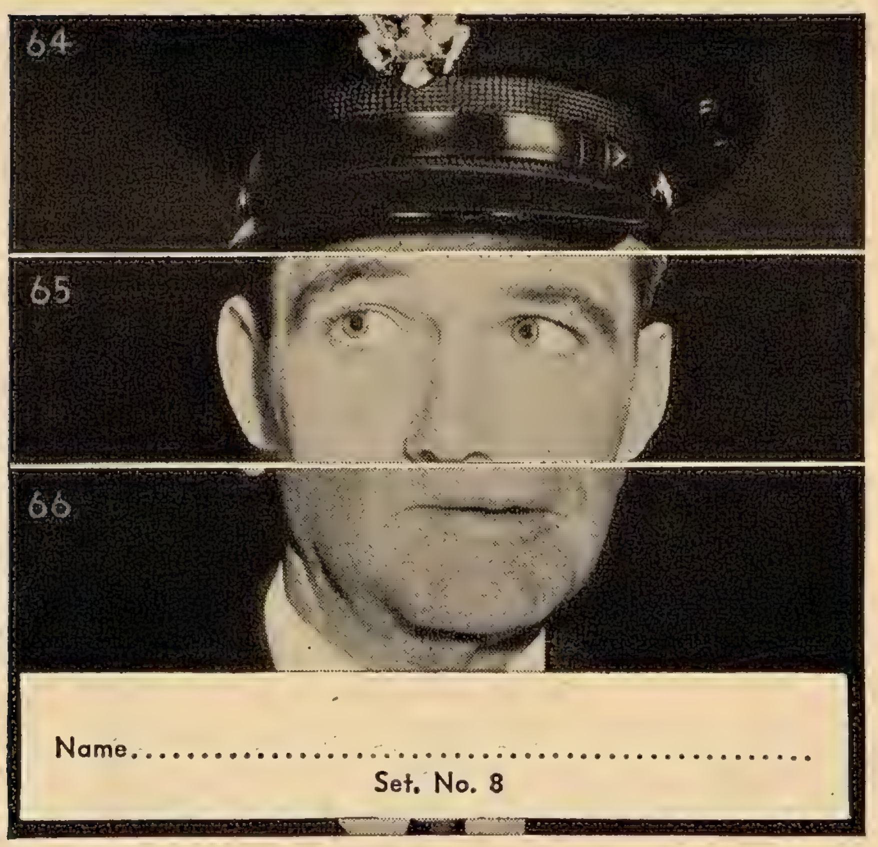
GREAT WAR HEROES CONTEST!

$5,000 IN CASH AWARDS

YOU'RE rapidly approaching that exciting finish line! Here's Set No. 8 of Liberty's famous War Heroes Contest—the fascinating game every one's talking about. Don't forget—but of course you won't—that $5,000 in big cash prizes await the 237 lucky winners of this great contest. *You can be one of them!* And please hold on to your entry until the contest closes. No partial entries are considered. Follow the rules carefully. Let's see YOU win!

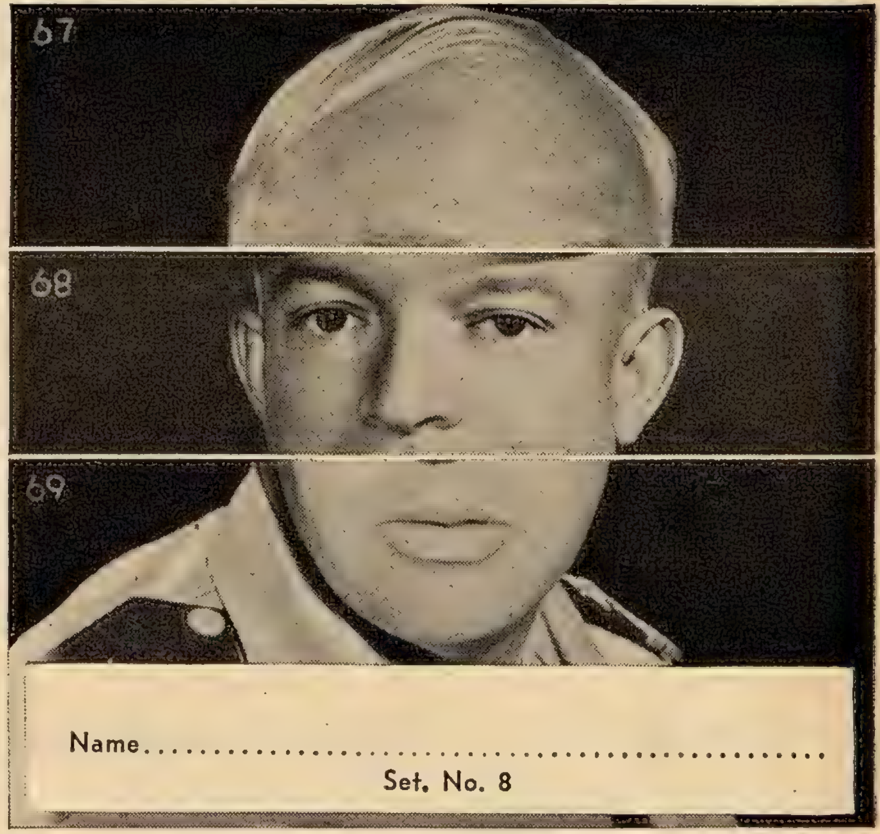
237 BIG PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$1,000
SECOND PRIZE	500
FIVE PRIZES, each $100	500
TEN PRIZES, each $50	500
TWENTY PRIZES, each $25	500
200 PRIZES, each $10	2,000
237 PRIZES	$5,000



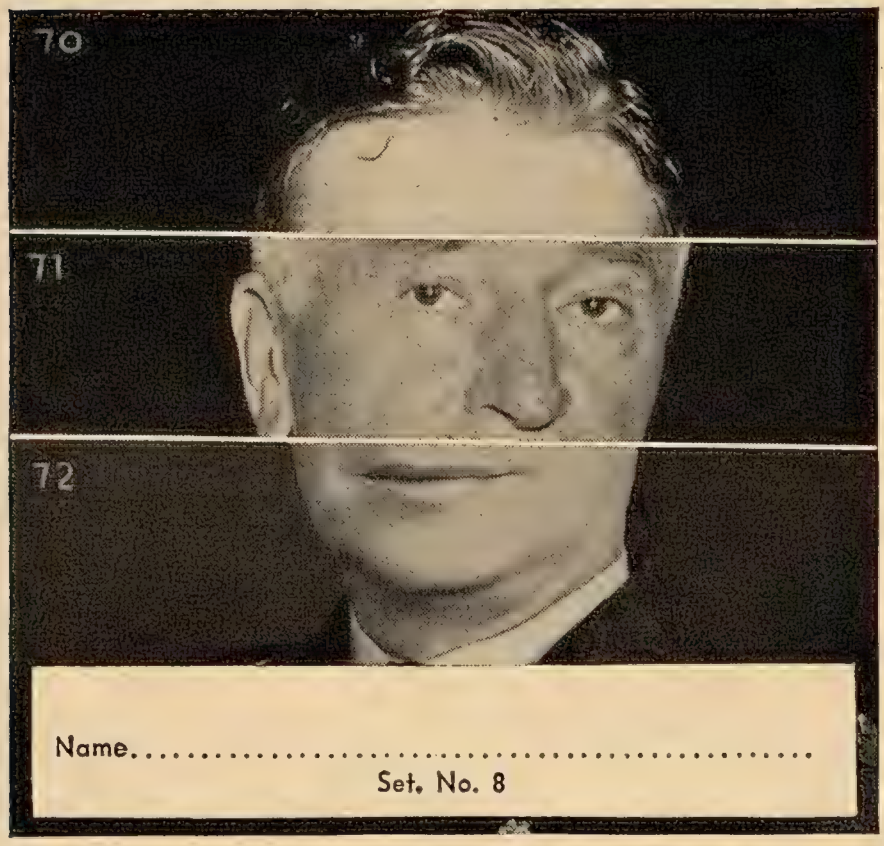
Name...
Set. No. 8

The cap and forehead are of "General Ike"; the eyes and nose are of an Illinois military academy alumnus; the mouth and chin belong to a son of a Tennessee bushwhacker.



Name...
Set. No. 8

The forehead is of one sometimes referred to as the modern Lincoln; the eyes and nose belong to a tank corps specialist; the mouth and chin are of a man nicknamed "Butch."



Name...
Set. No. 8

The forehead is of one decorated personally by the President; the eyes and nose are of one admitted to the bar at nineteen; the mouth and chin are of a D. S. M. recipient of the last war.

CONTEST RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish a set of three composite pictures of persons who have gained fame in the prosecution of the war against the Axis Powers along either military, naval, diplomatic, war production, or publicity lines, or in other fields of vital importance in the conduct of the war.

2. Each set of pictures, when cut apart and correctly reassembled, will make a complete portrait of a person who has attained fame in the war effort as above stated. To compete, simply assemble the portraits and identify them.

3. For the 237 nearest correctly named and restored complete sets of portraits Liberty will award the $5,000 in cash prizes according to the accompanying schedule. Neatness will count. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

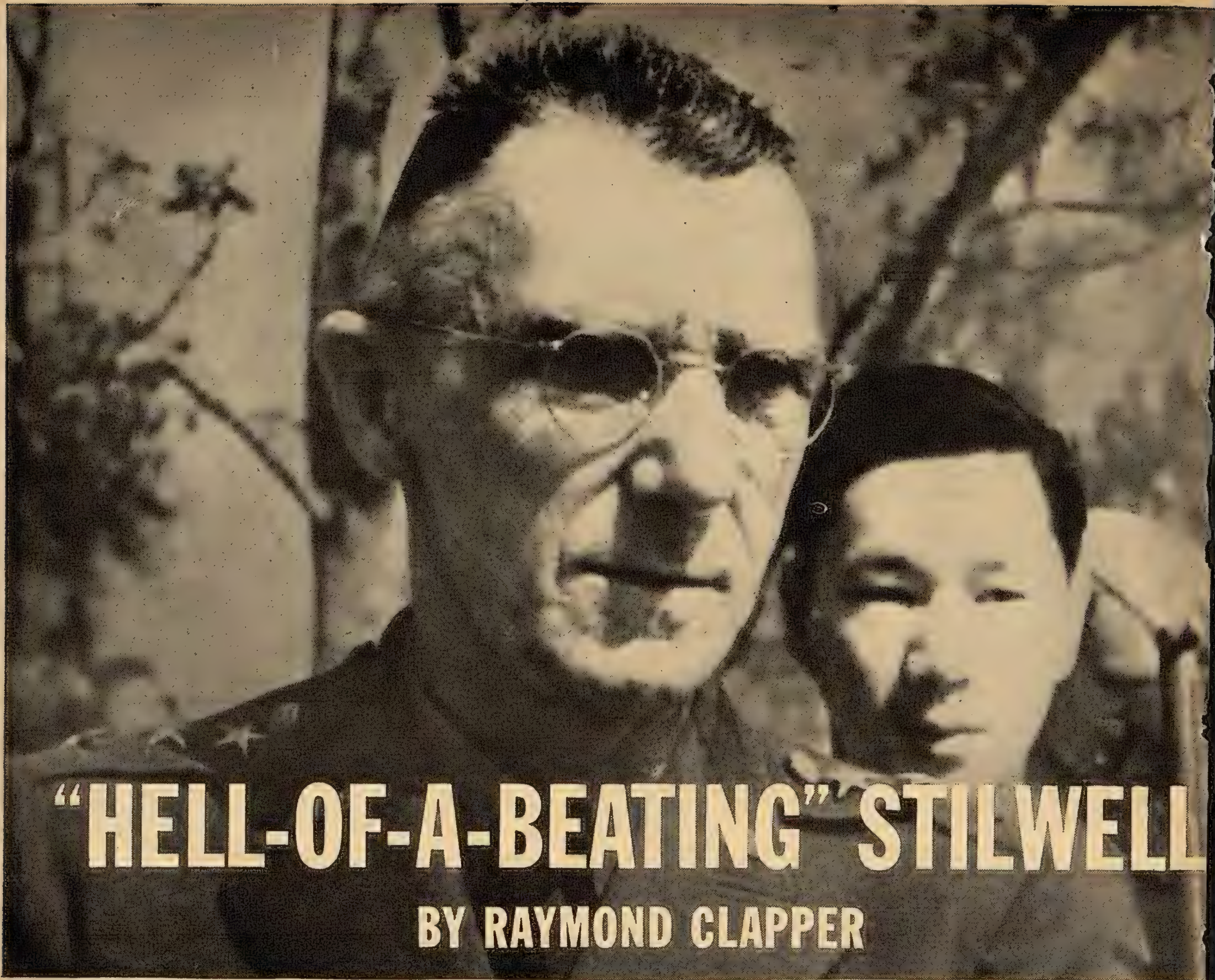
4. Below each reassembled portrait write the name of the person it represents.

5. Mail your entry by first-class mail to WAR HEROES CONTEST, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., WHEN YOU HAVE THE COMPLETE SET OF THIRTY PORTRAITS ASSEMBLED. No partial sets will be considered, and once an entry has been received no changes or additions can be made. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

6. No contestant will be entitled to more than one award. Every one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications Inc., and members of their families.

7. Accuracy and neatness will count, but elaborateness is unnecessary. Simplicity is best. No extra credit will be given for elaborate or expensively constructed entries. No entries will be returned, nor can we enter into correspondence regarding any entry.

8. All entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, September 9, 1942, the closing date of the contest. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.



“HELL-OF-A-BEATING” STILWELL

BY RAYMOND CLAPPER

Close-up of courage!—A new chapter in a famous observer's Liberty series, 33,000 Miles of War

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

YOU always think of generals as riding around in great big automobiles with star flags flying from the radiator cap.

General Joseph W. Stilwell has a great big car too, the largest one in Chungking. Yet I always think of General Stilwell as walking, walking, walking, as if decreed, like the characters in Green Pastures, to a pedestrian fate. Uncle Joe seems destined always to take his heroics on the hoof.

When I first saw him in Chungking, General Stilwell was stalking up and down the room in his headquarters and the place was sulphurous from his language. He had just taken a beating at Toungoo, his first battle as commander of Chinese troops. Burma already was half lost when he got in there and he was trying to check the pace of the defeat. That he failed to do so wasn't his fault. He had no aircraft, no antiaircraft guns, no antitank guns, just a handful of artillery; and the Chinese had to do what they could with only small arms and their courage.

There also was some question as to who was boss, and General Stilwell had rushed back to Chungking to get that straightened out.

Later that day I saw him walking double quick with the famous Stilwell stride through the compound, leaping up the steps two at a time, on his way to see Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek for a showdown. A few days later he was walking across the airfield at Lashio, still wearing his favorite peaked campaign hat—for he is as American as ham and eggs and won't wear the tropical helmet customary throughout that hot country. He was taking the Generalissimo and Mme. Chiang Kai-shek down to the Burma front to walk them around and help straighten everybody out.

Then came a long silence. Finally the news came that the Chinese and the British had been defeated and were on their way out of Burma. When Napoleon retreated from Moscow he rode in a sleigh. Since that time all modes of transportation have been used. Some have moved out in armored trains, some in tanks. General MacArthur got out of the Philippines in a small boat. Admiral Hart turned up in a submarine. General Brereton flew out.

When the time came to leave Burma, General Stilwell walked out. He was missing for three weeks. It was thought he had been captured. But he was leading his remnants through the jungles and over the mountains of Burma into India.

At the end of this strange Odyssey, the American general was asked what had happened. He replied: “We got a hell of a beating.”

General Stilwell indulged in no nonsense about strategic retreats, straightening his lines, inflicting heavy losses on the enemy. He used none of the standard phrases to cover up the bad news. He had taken a licking and that's what he called it.

It was like a breath of fresh air, and it made you feel that the beating had only started the fight all over again.

In less than a week General Stilwell had caught up on his sleep, and he was back in Chungking discussing with the Chinese how to renew the fight.

At this point few men could have escaped a fatal loss of face. Never before had the Chinese put a foreigner in command of their forces. His first campaign had been a failure, a complete and acknowledged failure. Almost any other man in General Stilwell's shoes would have been the target for all of the blame. That he was not crucified for this defeat shows what a wise selection President Roosevelt made when he asked General Stilwell to go to China.

IT was just after Pearl Harbor and there was urgent need to do everything possible to assist China. General Stilwell at the time was on the Pacific coast in command of a division, and he was called to Washington. He was the obvious man for the task, because he had spent much time in China and had won the confidence of the Chinese.

General Stilwell got into the Chinese business rather late in life. He finished West Point in 1904 and returned to the United States from France in the summer of 1919. The war was over and General Stilwell was wondering what a soldier could do that was interesting during the long quiet years of peace that were supposed to lie ahead. He decided to study Chinese and become a specialist on the Far East. He was then thirty-six years old.

Captain Stilwell became a student at the University of California, studying the difficult Chinese language and dialects. After a year he went to Peking and studied three years. Again he was in China in 1928 and 1929. Then he went back in 1932 as American military attaché for seven years. During that time he not only learned to read Chinese but he also learned to speak several dialects. As military attaché he spent much time out with the troops, walking around among them, eating with them and sleeping on the field.

He learned how the Chinese fought and he learned something about the Japanese as enemies. He became a close friend and adviser of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and the Chinese generals.

Always General Stilwell was out walking around, poking into everything, learning by seeing. A friend says of the general that he always seems to be about to crawl under a tank to see what the bottom of it looks like.

So after several weeks in Washington, preparing for his mission, organizing his staff, General Stilwell secretly disappeared on his way to Chungking. On February 25, President Roosevelt nominated him for lieutenant general. On March 4 he arrived in Chungking. The next day he flew to Kunming to confer with the Generalissimo, who was then returning from India. The British commander in India, General Sir Archibald P. Wavell, was there and the groundwork was laid for the joint defense against the Japanese. Rangoon had already gone and the Japanese were pushing up through the Burma jungles toward Mandalay. Burma's days seemed to be numbered and desperate defense was needed. In less than a week the Generalissimo announced he had appointed General Stilwell as his chief of staff in the Chinese theater.

In another week, on March 19, General Stilwell on his fifty-ninth birthday took command of the Chinese Fifth and Sixth armies in Burma, something unprecedented in Chinese history.

It was also unique in this war that the Chinese troops were in Burma, for it was months since the Generalissimo had urged the British to allow Chinese troops to help them, and the offer had been rejected. The British had said they did not have the equipment that the Chinese would need. But now the Chinese had been allowed to come in and fight, almost without any equipment at all.

The next day the ill-fated battle of Toungoo began. General Stilwell knew the chances were against him. He knew that there was little chance he would gain any personal glory out of it. His mission, as he saw it, was to put up all possible resistance and try to hold the Japanese back until air reinforcements could come in from the United States. He was fighting for time. But there proved to be not enough time.

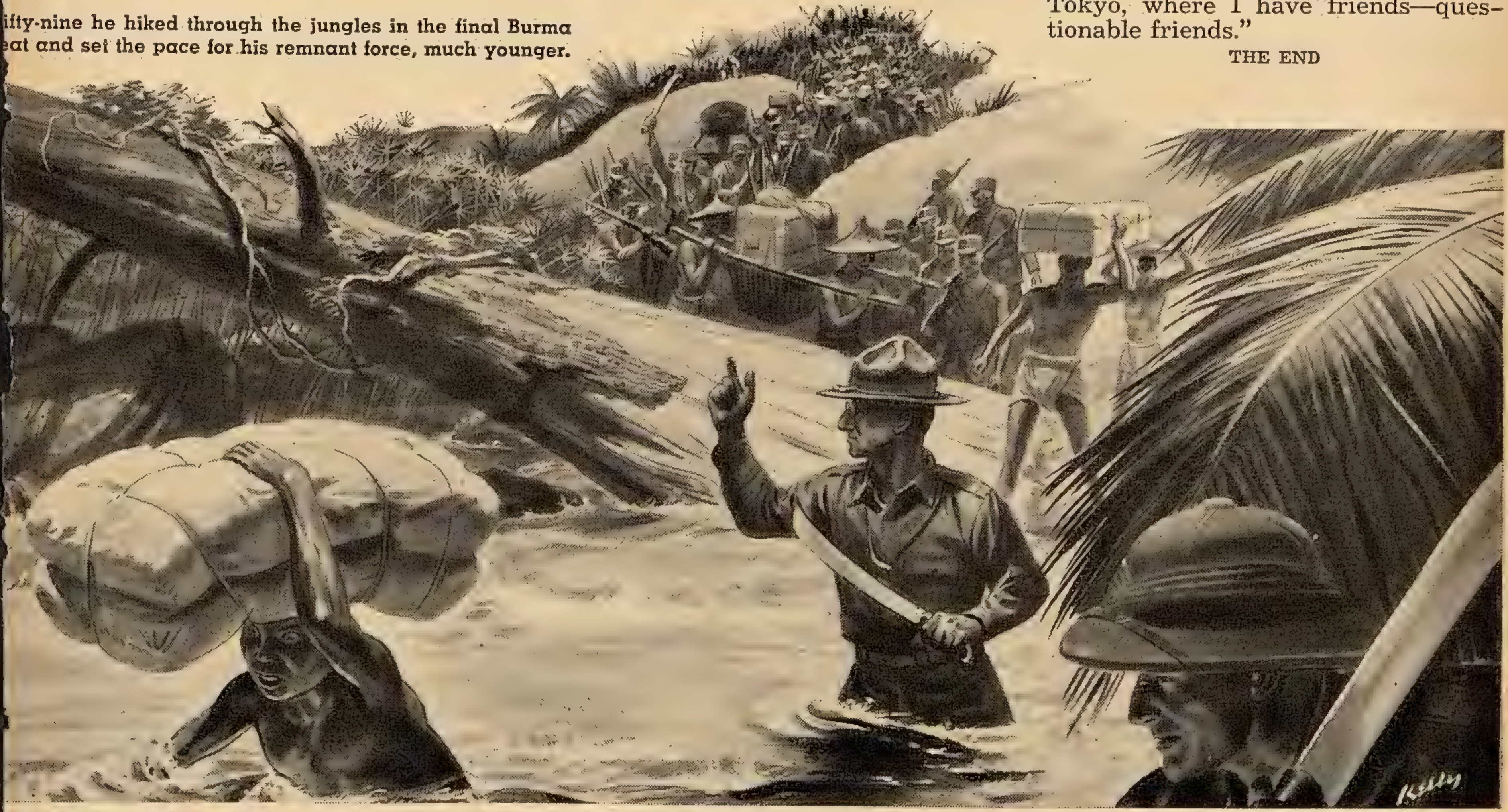
ALTHOUGH he has spent years in the Orient, General Stilwell has remained a rough corncob American. He is a familiar figure all over the Far East, fairly tall, wiry, with iron-gray hair. He wears glasses.

He has the good-humored toughness of the American top sergeant and goes striding around, leaning slightly forward. At fifty-nine he hiked through the jungles in the final Burma retreat and set the pace for his remnant force twenty and thirty years younger. His communiqués to the War Department are full of salty language.

General Stilwell said, after he arrived in China, that we Americans had been too dumb to see through the Japanese. "The happiest day of our lives," he said, "will be when Chinese and American troops enter Tokyo together. I hope this trickles through to Tokyo, where I have friends—questionable friends."

THE END

ifty-nine he hiked through the jungles in the final Burma
eat and set the pace for his remnant force, much younger.



"Voice of the People"

WHAT SAY, VOX POPPERS— LEGALIZED LOTTERIES?

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Today America calls to every one of its citizens to unite in an undertaking never before known.

An undertaking which calls for sacrifice—by labor, by sweat, yes, and blood—to keep our factories rolling, our ships afloat, our planes flying, our tanks, ammunition, and men moving, etc.

But to do this we must have money and more money. We must and should buy all the stamps and bonds we can. But that is not enough. We must have taxes, and that still will not be enough.

There is another way, and that is a lottery. We know the numbers game, the pin-ball game, and other illegal games are snatching millions of dollars a year.

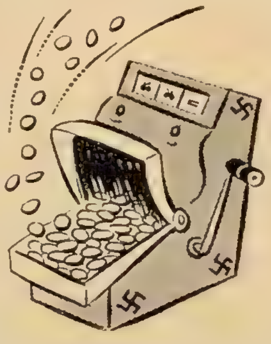
Well, why not start a drive for a lottery sponsored by Uncle Sam, where by legal means our Treasury will begin to swell up like a balloon?—*A Weekly Reader of Liberty.*

OR ILLEGAL MACHINES?

Indianapolis, Ind.—I have enjoyed reading Liberty every week for several years, and would like to suggest to you and your patriotic readers a method of removing one of the factions that endanger our country and its continuance of liberty and freedom.

Government agents are exerting every possible known method of preventing undesirables from interfering with our liberty; but there is one invisible, powerful alien which seems to have escaped their attention—the gambling "slot machine."

This mechanical saboteur, that diverts hundreds of thousands of dollars from war workers' pay checks into the pockets of racketeers and tons of metal away from war and munitions plants, should be removed, for the duration at least.



Make ammunition for men and marines
From the tons of metal in slot machines;
Buy bonds and stamps to end our worries
From the money wasted on "bells" and
"cherries."

—*O. B. Beck.*

DELIGHTED, SERGEANT!

Belleville, Ill.—Well, we sure got to hand it to you guys and Liberty. This is the first time I've really seen a "plug" for Civil Air Patrol (July 11 Liberty). I was wondering how long it would be before some one picked this up.

If you think Major Johnson's kidding, check some other squadrons of C. A. P., not to mention the Belleville, Illinois, group.

Maybe stories like this have something to do with making Liberty so popular.

Thanks very much!—*Platoon Sgt. C. F. Bier, 5th Squadron, Group 9, C. A. P.*

ISN'T THIS A HONEY?

Detroit, Mich.—Here's the wording of a sign in one of the General Motors plants:

Bzzy
Bzzy
HONEY

The Bumblebee Cannot Fly

According to theory of aerodynamics and as may be readily demonstrated through laboratory tests and wind tunnel experiments, the Bumblebee is unable to fly.

This is because the size, weight and shape of his body, in relation to the total wing spread, makes flying impossible.

BUT, THE BUMBLEBEE, BEING IGNORANT OF THESE SCIENTIFIC TRUTHS, GOES AHEAD AND FLIES ANYWAY—AND MAKES A LITTLE HONEY EVERY DAY.

I think it's a good lesson for all of us, don't you?—*F. M.*

We sure do. This could be framed on a lot of walls, and we're going to try to frame it in our brain.—Vox Pop Editor.

ELEVEN TITLES EQUAL ONE LETTER

Wilkes-Barre, Pa.—I have just amused myself by composing a letter, using only the titles listed in Liberty's contents page for July 18:

What do I mean when I say cross words to the ladies? I *like* big business. It pays to be a heel. Just between ourselves, I wouldn't do it again south of the border.

Twenty questions—how soldiers are kept well in this man's army.—*L. A. J.*

OLD AND YOUNG LIKE LIBERTY

Grants Pass, Ore.—I read the first number of Liberty, and have read every one since and pass it along to others. I have long thought this magazine with its wonderful contents worth more than five cents. I would buy it if it were twenty-five cents.

I am partially paralyzed. I am writing this to try to offset any harsh remarks about raising the price. I am an old lady of eighty-five. Pray for me, all that wish I may see my next birthday, August 14. Keep up the good work.—*An old pioneer of Lincoln's time, Mrs. Annie Laurie Swinden.*

Somersworth, N. H.—Can a seventeen-year-old add his two bits? Your swell mag is the only one I read, for the simple reason that it's got everything a guy wants to read—grand fiction, current topics, interesting departments.

Your July 4 issue was one of your best. I liked almost everything in it, especially The Two-Fifty Hat and America's Fifth Column in Europe. But what I'd like to know is, can we expect more of Gladys Taber's stuff? The Cat named Philip reminded me of Ed and his talking horse.

Now for what I don't like: Ted Shane and the movie reviews. Also I'd like to see Vox Pop at the beginning, where it should be. What about it? And could we have more than a mere page? I know you won't print this, but thought I'd just drop you a line.—*Roger B. De Hayes.*

We usually *don't* print the letters that say you know we won't or you dare us to—but we're glad to tell you Vox Pop will be more than a mere page, beginning next week.—Vox Pop Editor.

A FINE SUGGESTION

Placerville, Calif.—There is much talk these days about "blood banks."

I understand that the Red Cross is in urgent need of a minimum of a million pints of plasma immediately.

So far, only those in metropolitan areas have had the privilege of contributing this small but extremely important item to national defense.

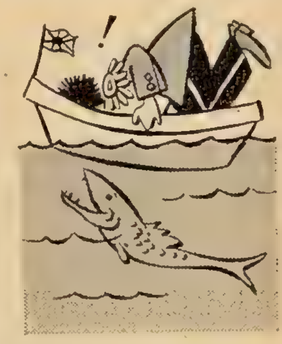
Millions of us in rural districts and small towns rarely visit the cities. As time goes on and gasoline and rubber grow scarcer, even fewer will go places.

I offer the suggestion—for what it is worth—that our avuncular relative equip trucks (if practical) to visit these communities regularly—say every six weeks or two months—after the fashion of traveling dental clinics in some parts of the country.

Many incomes are inadequate for important buying of war stamps and bonds, but any and all should be happy and willing to help save lives by regularly contributing a pint of blood, which none would miss anyhow!—*Marie Lindquist.*

LET'S BUY HIM A BOAT!

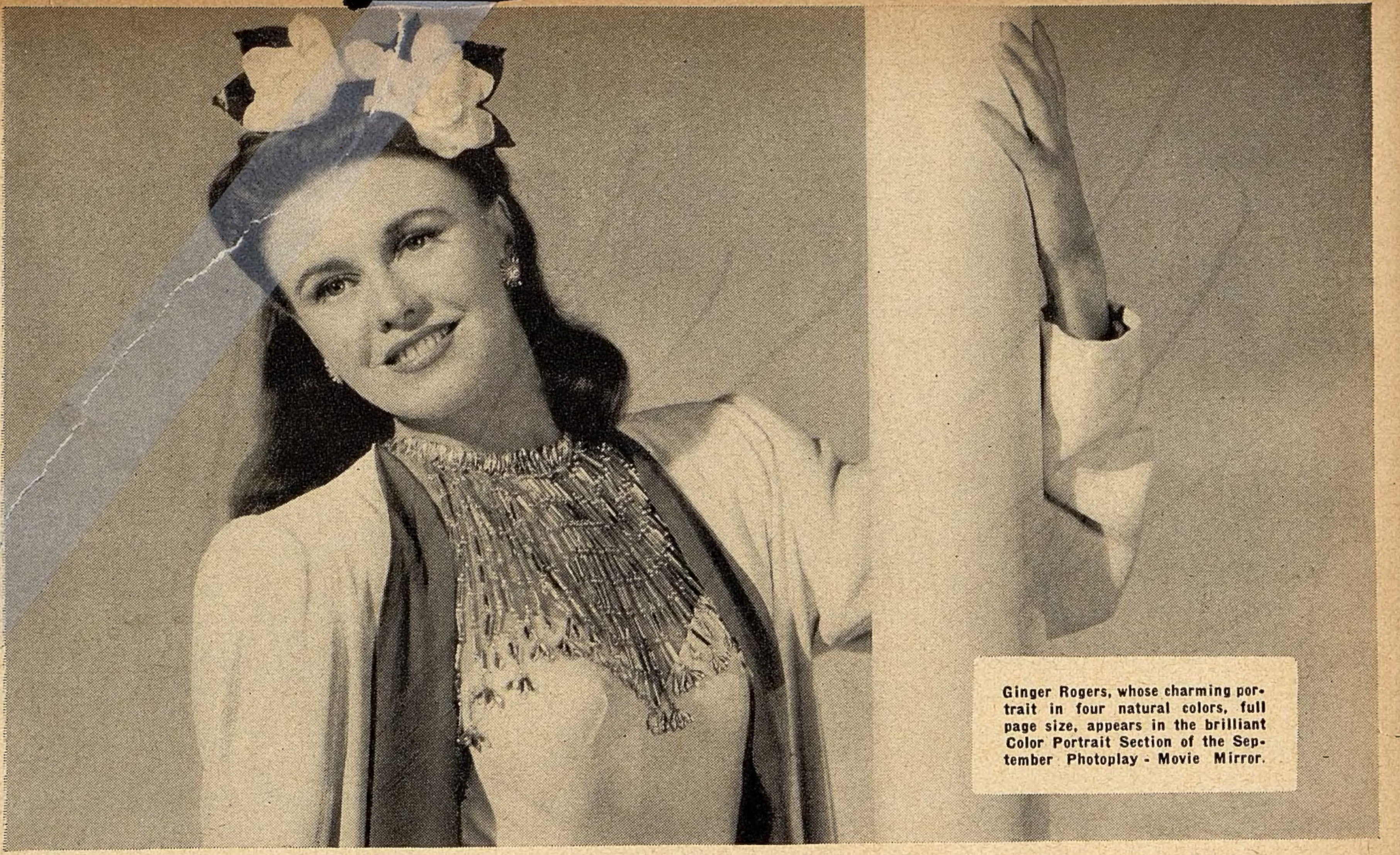
New York, N. Y.—Any truth in the bamboo wireless report that the Japanese gnome Kurusu, before leaving on the Gripsholm, tried to get an option on a Catalina Island glass-bottom boat for Hirohito so the Emperor could go out looking for his fleet—after the battle of Midway?—*James R. Young.*



DOO LITTLE— NOT DOO LATE

Auburn, Calif.—Where would Japan be now if General Doolittle's name had been Doomuch?

A good way to scare the Japs to death would be to tell them that next time General Doomuch is coming over with a thousand planes.—*M. N. Titus.*



Ginger Rogers, whose charming portrait in four natural colors, full page size, appears in the brilliant Color Portrait Section of the September Photoplay - Movie Mirror.

GORGEOUS FULL-PAGE FULL-COLOR PORTRAITS OF

Ginger Rogers
Betty Grable
Carole Landis
John Carroll
Robert Taylor
Jinx Falkenburg
Joan Leslie
Rita Hayworth

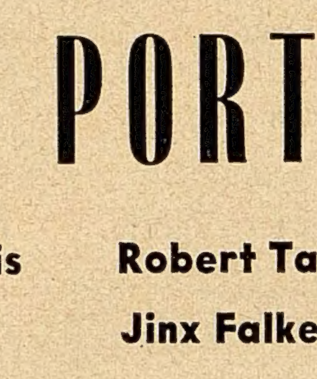
* * *

What a line up of top name stars! See their favorite natural color recent portraits in the new September *Photoplay-Movie Mirror*. What an array of beauty and personality in — not four, not six, but **EIGHT FULL PAGES.** Not just black and white, nor ordinary sepia shots but gorgeous full color Kodachrome portraits of a quality that marks them as truly living pictures — each a valued addition to any collection. Get your copy today.

* * *

ALL ABOUT THEM

Our movie scouts keep us informed on all doings in the cinema capital and from our Hollywood office is relayed news as soon as it happens. Result — **SCOOP FEATURES** in *Photoplay-Movie Mirror*. In the September issue are — **ANNA NEAGLE'S LONDON DIARY**—the thrilling account of Miss Neagle's experiences from the time she left for her native England until she made a safe return over the North Atlantic's war-infested waters. It's spontaneous and intensely interesting.



A complete fictionization of **FLYING TIGERS** — that hot-from-the-headlines drama of America's gallant flying tigers. Why all the secrecy about the **GODDARD-CHAPLIN** divorce? A grand article that doesn't require too much reading between lines. **HOW TO LAND THAT JOB** — here's the actual questionnaire used by big companies to test out new employees. This may be just what you need to land *YOUR* job.

These, plus many other articles, features, and intimate gossip departments are in the big September issue of

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR

The Aristocrat of Motion Picture Magazines

GET YOUR COPY TODAY **OUT NOW**

Liberty begins a new weekly service—advice from inside Washington on trends that will affect our daily lives.

TELETYPE TIPS

UNCLE SAM IS PREPARING TO ASK MR. AND MRS. AMERICA TO TAKE A NUMBER OF SWIFT HITCHES IN THEIR PANTS AND PANTIES.

AMERICAN PALATE DUE FOR GREATEST BLOW WITH DIMINISHING SUPPLY COFFEE. RATIONING OF COFFEE UNLIKELY FOR SEVERAL MONTHS. GROCERS ALREADY HAVING TROUBLE GETTING SUPPLIES FROM WHOLESALERS.

BE PREPARED TO SEE UNCLE SAM TAKE NEW DRASTIC MEASURES CONCERNING THE RUBBER SITUATION. THE CAR YOU AND YOUR NEIGHBORS ARE RIDING HAS AVERAGE OF ONLY NINE MONTHS OF RUBBER LEFT. RETREADING REGULATIONS MAY BE RELAXED WITHIN A FEW MONTHS BECAUSE OF BETTER THAN EXPECTED SPURT IN LAST DAYS OF SCRAP-RUBBER COLLECTION CAMPAIGN.

IF YOU ARE A WOMAN, EXPECT NEW SHORTAGES OF HOSIERY. WAR PRODUCTION BOARD NOW READYING NEW REGULATIONS CURTAIL MANUFACTURE WOMEN'S HOSIERY. NUMBER OF NEW REGULATIONS ALSO EXPECTED TO CUT DOWN YOUR SUPPLY OF LIP ROUGE AND OTHER COSMETICS. OFFICIALS SAY THIS IS NECESSARY IN ORDER TO FREE VITAL MACHINERY FOR WAR ORDERS.

ADVOCATES OF FEDERAL SALES TAX ARE NOW ENGAGED IN QUIET LOBBYING CAMPAIGN TO PUT SALES TAX OVER. UNLIKELY TO GET INTO THIS YEAR'S TAX BILL.

YOU CAN EXPECT THAT YOUR PRESENT TIRES WILL HAVE TO LAST YOU UNTIL JANUARY, 1944, AT THE EARLIEST. SYNTHETIC RUBBER OUTLOOK FOR CIVILIAN USE IS GRIM. OPTIMISTIC PREDICTIONS OF 800,000 TONS ANNUAL SYNTHETIC RUBBER CAPACITY BY AUGUST, 1943, ARE DISCOUNTED HERE. PLANS ARE UNDER WAY TO DOUBLE THE POTENTIAL SYNTHETIC RUBBER PRODUCTION PROGRAM, BUT IT IS UNLIKELY THAT YOU WILL GET ANY OF IT UNTIL NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1944. SYNTHETIC TIRES WILL DEFINITELY COST YOU MORE THAN YOU PAID FOR THEM BEFORE PEARL HARBOR.

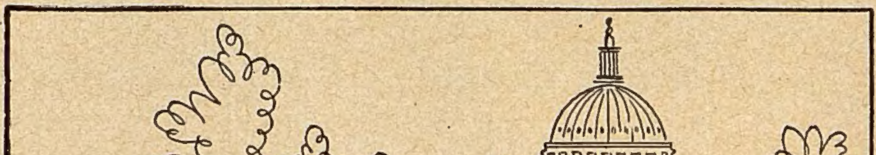
JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

WE ARE HONORED (AT LEAST WE LIKE TO THINK SO) by the Office of War Information's choice of subject for its first official pamphlet, The Unconquered People. This contains the substance of things reported by Morris Markey in Liberty last May in his stirring series, Wine of Freedom, and by Robert Low in April in Hitler's No. 1 Headache, the story of what Yugoslav General Draja Mihailovitch has been doing. From the same sources—smuggled letters, underground newspapers, grapevine communications to governments in exile—Liberty and the OWI assembled and revealed different but equally heartening accounts of the same thing: the anti-Nazi resistance in occupied countries. We'd be pleased to suppose we suggested the theme of the first OWI pamphlet. Maybe we didn't. . . . Nor, maybe, can we claim that June and July proved us prophets in sport. But consider: Four days after a piece on Money Golf, by Ben Hogan, appeared, Mr. Hogan won the Hale America Tournament, plus $1,000. And five days after we asked in an article, Has the National League a Pet Jinx?, the Nationals lost the All-Star game to the American League by a narrow margin. 'S funny!

A LUSTY AND ROMANTIC FIGURE comes to Liberty's pages in this issue. Major Alexander de Seversky, Russian-born, is a naturalized citizen of the U. S. A. In World War I, as a flyer, he was shot down during a bombing expedition in the Baltic area and lost his right leg. Nevertheless, by special permission of the Czar, he kept on flying, and was credited with shooting down thirteen enemy planes. Since 1918 he has been an aeronautical engineer, test pilot, inventor, and builder of planes in the United States. His recent book, Victory Through Air Power, has been high on the best-seller lists.

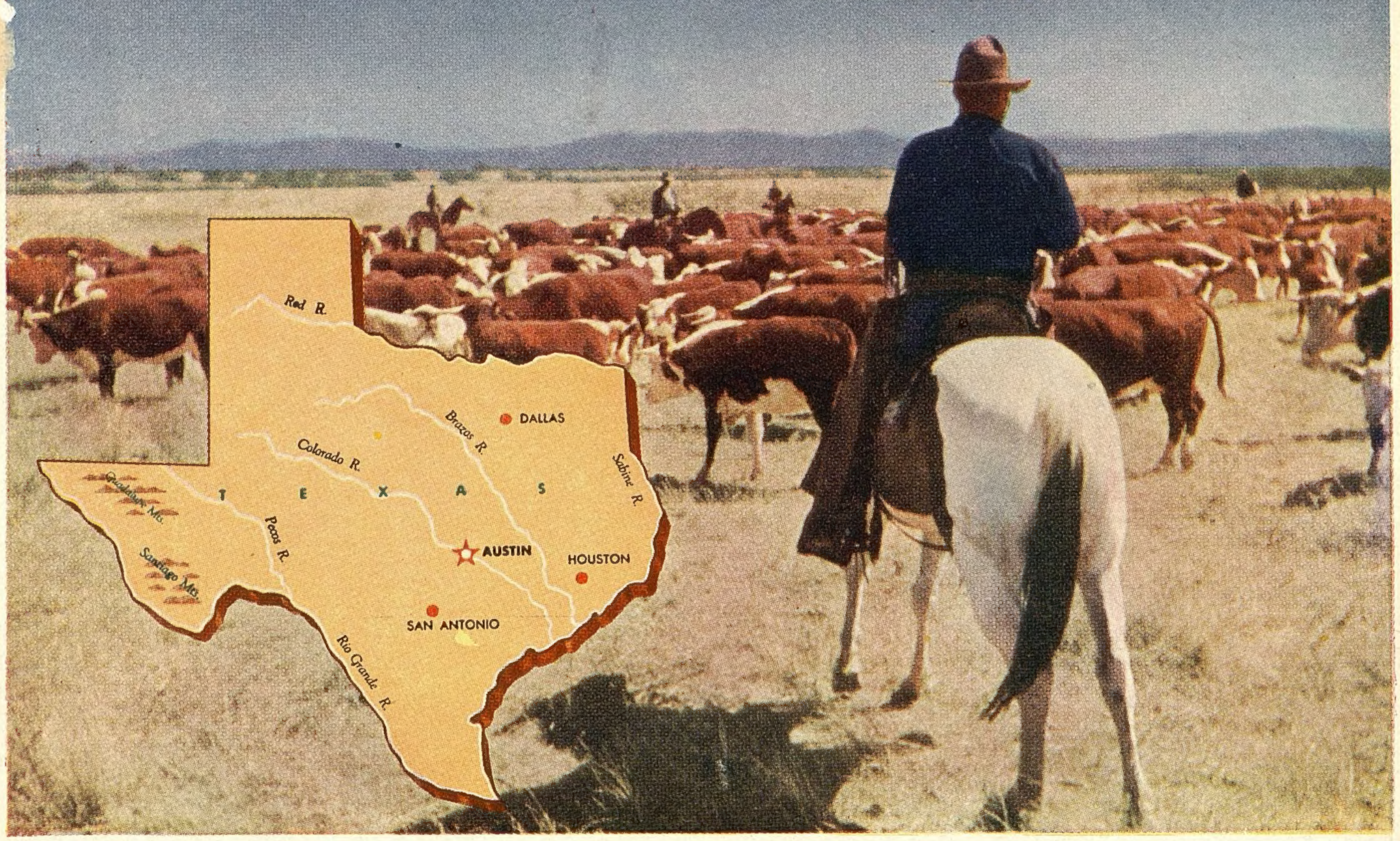
The Editors

FALA



"The President hasn't forgotten me, either."

Liberty Salutes TEXAS

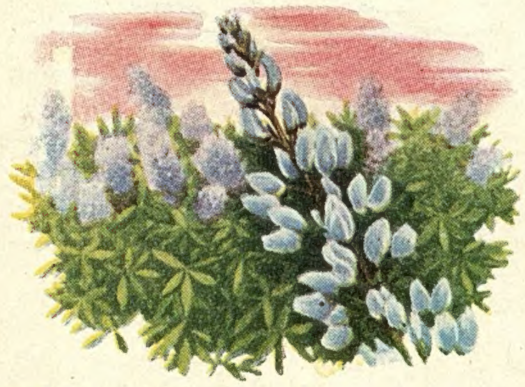


Riding the range. Texas is the greatest cattle state.

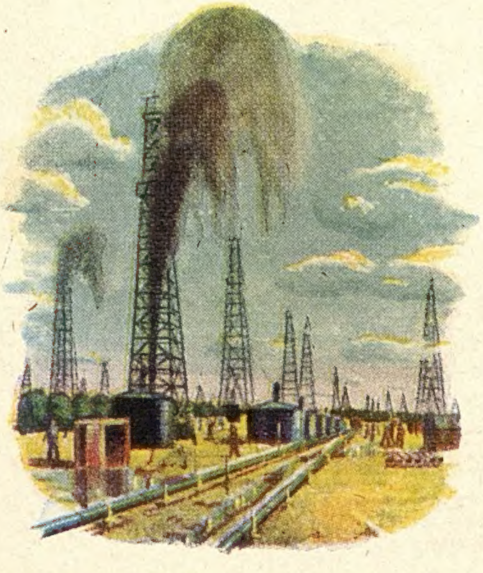
"BIGGEST" is the word for Texas. It is the biggest state in the country. It is the biggest cotton-growing state . . . its cotton-crop value is almost as much as the total value of all of the production of gold, silver, zinc, lead, and copper mines of the United States.

It is the biggest state in the number of head of domestic animals on farms and ranches . . . our biggest producer of beef cattle and sheep . . . our biggest producer in petroleum output . . . our biggest producer of helium.

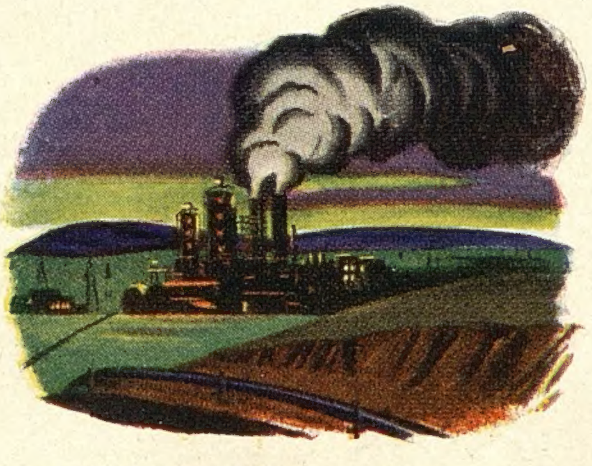
But Texas is not only big and wealthy in material things. The Lone Star State produced the Alamo, where a handful of brave men were the forerunners of Bataan and Wake Island.



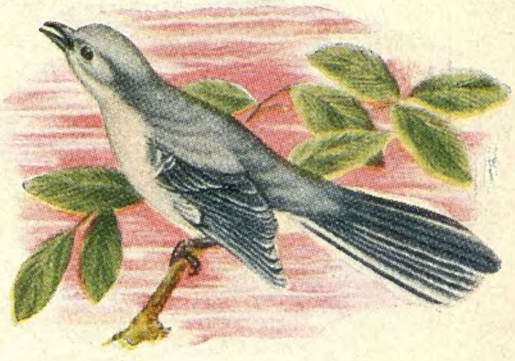
CHOSEN *over the cotton boll, the beautiful bluebonnet is Texas' state flower. Known also as the lupin, it grows in a great mass and looks like a sea of blue, its bloom all but hiding its leaves.*



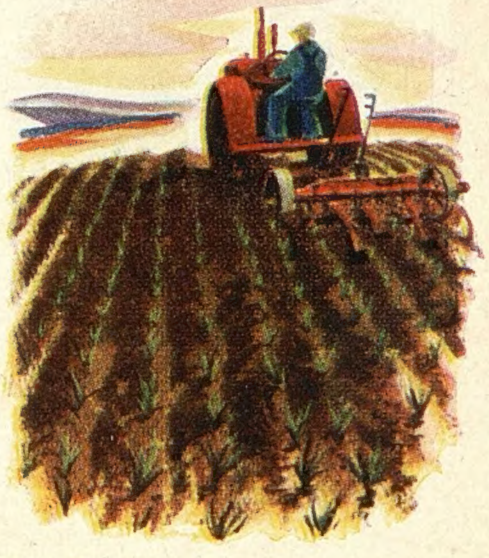
OIL FOR THE WAR *machines of America . . . oil for our far-flung battle lines; Texas has put every gallon of her rich natural oil and petroleum products at America's and freedom's service.*



HIGH-OCTANE GAS, *precious ingredient for fast fighting planes and high-flying bombers, is now being developed in this newest and hugest refinery, planned and built for our victory drive.*



WITH A NIGHT SONG *as lovely as the nightingale's, the mockingbird deserves its place as Texas' own bird. The grey and white mockingbird lives in brushy areas, usually near farms and gardens.*



CORN, WHEAT, *and cotton, rice, soybeans, and sorghum, countless acres of land that produce incredible wealth and help to clothe and feed 132,000,000 Americans and their allies.*

It costs us more to make

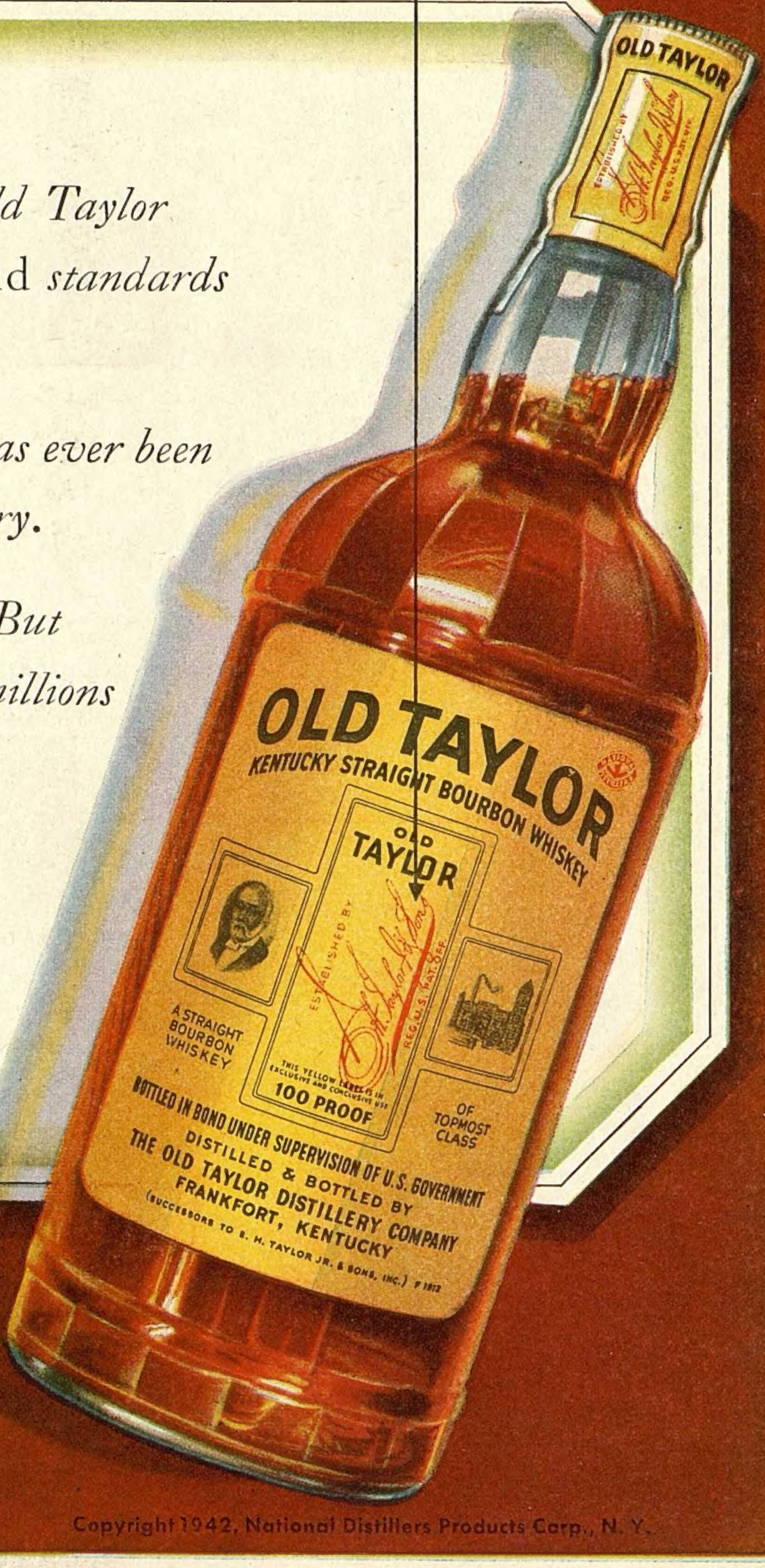
OLD TAYLOR

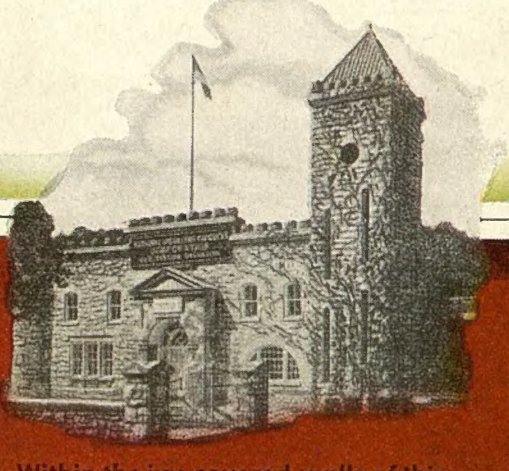
but we mean to keep it worthy of this signature

THE *man who first made Old Taylor fought to have* bottled in bond *standards written into federal law.*

And no other kind of whiskey has ever been made in the Old Taylor distillery.

It produces a costlier whiskey. But we believe it is worth it. And millions of men who know fine bourbon heartily agree.


OLD TAYLOR
OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OLD TAYLOR
A STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
100 PROOF
OF TOPMOST CLASS
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY
THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY COMPANY
FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY
(SUCCESSORS TO E. H. TAYLOR JR. & SONS, INC.)



Within the ivy-covered walls of this distillery no whiskey other than Old Taylor has ever been made.

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